

THE GATEWAY

Undergraduate Newspaper published weekly by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta



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MacKenzie, Freda Smith.

CONVOCATION

Convocation, to those who have witnessed many, may be nothing more than an annual ceremony for conferring degrees and prizes. To others, it is a great milestone in their lives; the point where they leave behind their days of ardent book-study and venture forth into the all, human nature, and make a place world to study the greatest course of for themselves. They have now reached their goal of "education," in the technical sense. They are professional men or women, with degrees. They have now to learn that the initials after their names will not carry such a great amount of weight among men; that those initials have to be supplemented by personality, ambition, perseverance and honest dealing. Their years at the University have done much to develop their characters, and upon those who have taken the fullest advantage of those years will be impressed the spirit of their Alma Mater. If graduates from Alberta will all carry out the pursuit of "Quaecumque Vera," they will not suffer in the eyes of men.

Much advice will be given to the new alumni as they are about to leave our halls, but it will all be of the same tenor. Kipling, in addressing the students of St. Andrews, at convocation, laid stress on the importance of "Independence." Barrie urged that the young men and women of the same university have "Courage" above all things in the battle for a place in the sun. Convocation addresses have always been of a most inspiring nature, born as they are of the spirit of a great occasion. It must indeed be an inspiring event which would move men to speak words like those of Barrie when he said to "the red gowns of St. Andrews": "God gave us memories so that we might have rises in December." The U of A. has done much if all those who graduate from her halls will look back upon their university days as roses in their lives.

APPRECIATION

Without the valuable assistance of many willing and efficient volunteers it would have been impossible for The Gateway to have published this issue. With many members of its regular staff absent, The Gateway has been handicapped, and only the aid which was so willingly given enabled us to get the issue out on time. We wish to gratefully acknowledge the services of the following, who gave us unselfishly of their time and energies for our convocation issue: Misses Mary Willison, Esther Prevey, Marilda Clermont, Eugenie Clermont, Bea Buckley and Olive Haw, and Bill Watson, Fred Barclay, A. V. Baldwin, Cliff Underwood and Rache Dickson.

To the staff of the printing office and to Jimmie Bill we are deeply indebted for their patience and consideration. Without the service they rendered in overtime work The Gateway could not possibly have made its appearance on time.

And to the staff of the General Office we also express our appreciation of their kindness in assisting in getting the results of examinations, lists of degrees, prizes, etc. They cheerfully helped us in any way they could, and have done much to make this number a fact.

To any others who have not been specifically mentioned herein, we wish to take this opportunity of saying "Thank you" for assistance rendered during the mad scramble of the last few days.

THE PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Two items have been specially featured in this number of The Gateway—the report of the President of the Union and the graduation of Alberta's first medical class.

The report drawn up by Mr. Levey is both interesting and comprehensive and only a very thorough knowledge of all phases of student life could make such a report possible. Students should take deep

PRIZES AND DEGREES TO BE AWARDED AT CONVOCATION

(Continued from Page One)

MASTER OF SCIENCE IN AGRICULTURE
Brown, William Redman, B.S.A.
Huskins, Charles Leonard, B.S.A.
Hearle, Eric, B.S.A.
Mather, Thomas Herbert, B.S.A.

ADMITTED TO THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF LAWS, HONORIS CAUSA
Hon. Sir Frederick William Gordon
Haultain, L.L.D.

FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS
Armstrong, Helen Sinclair.
Buckley, Beatrice Georgina.
Bullard, Edwin Grace.
Castor, Jessie Irene.
Clermont, Eugenie Marie.
Clermont, Eugene Marie.
Evans, Eileen Louise.
Haw, Olive Vera (with First Rank Honours in English).
McKenzie, Jean Kathleen (with Second Rank Honours in Philosophy).
Matthews, Eleanor Catherine.
Mathias, Margaret Hannah.
Miller, Jean Malcolm.
Morrow, Marie Laura.
Silverthorn, Mamie Elisabeth.
Smith, Dorothy Lillian (with First Rank Honours in English).
Studholme, Bertha Grace.
Studholme, Reva Marie.
Willison, Mary Charlotte.
Ainsley, Harry Dean.
Bloor, William Gordon Keen.
Bright, Audrey Harry.
Cairns, James Mitchell.
Cromarty, William Bramwell.
Currie, Donald.
Davies, Percy Griffith.
Flack, Charles Ruthven.
Giffen, John Wilson.
Gish, Walter Kubus.
Grindley, Frank Evelylyn.
Hargrave, James Howard.
MacDonald, Shirley Graeme.
McLaughlin, John Harold.
McNeill, Duncan Edward Ives.
Mitchell, Robert Richmond.
Rios, William Stanley.
Rush, Raymond Dewar.
Tavender, Edward Rusling.
Wenlos, Moses.
Whitford, Oswald William.
Wilson, Ernest Brown.

FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF SCIENCE IN ARTS
Fleming, Florence Mary.
Kennedy, Anne.
Baldwin, Arthur Vawdrey.
Bell, Leslie Victor.
Kutz, Walter Monroe (with First Rank Honours in Chemistry).
Lehmann, Adolph John Victor.
Stoner, Robert Royer.
Villy, Ernest.
Waines, Francis Douglas.
Walker, Lyndon Arthur.
Walters, George Theodore.
Watts, George Wesley Townsend.

FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS, AD EUNDEM
Barnes, Harriet.
Bessett, Clifford Sifton.
Duggan, Kenneth Price.
English, John Hascall Frederick.
Forster, Ethel Oliphant.
McClung, James Glen.
Russett, Glen William.
Stephens, Sydney Campbell.

B.S. IN HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS
Clarke, Margaret Elizabeth.
McBeath, Phyllis Louise.
Prevey, Esther Elizabeth.
Skene, Jean Isabel McGregor.

B.S. IN PHARMACY
Becker, Ruth.
Goodall, Annie McClean.
Marshall, Alice Louise.
Hardin, Harry Peibel.
Laws, Claude.

B.S. IN CIVIL ENGINEERING
Davidson, William McCartney.
Macdonald, James Douglas Alexander.
B.S. IN ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
Baldwin, Arthur Valentine.
Stewart, Frederick John.
Tames, John Alexander.
Underwood, Clifford.

B.S. IN MINING ENGINEERING
Ethridge, Frederick Messenger.
Lawton, Wilfred Russell.
Wilton-Clark, Harry.

B.S. IN ENGINEERING PHYSICS
Gowan, Edward Hunter, B.A.

sible if the students are well informed on the various organizations. The necessary information is contained in Mr. Levey's report and should be thoroughly read, if for no other reason.

In his report President Levey has voiced his opinions and criticisms. It is not to be expected that the students agree with all of these. In fact, if the report gives rise to more discussion of student institutions it will have accomplished one of its prime objects. This report has been published in the hope that it will not only be informative, but will stimulate discussion and interest in student affairs.

MEDICAL GRADUATES

This year is one unique in the history of Alberta's School of Medicine in so far as it is the first time that the degree of Doctor of Medicine has been conferred. The Gateway sincerely believes that the graduating of medical doctors marks a very important step in the progress of the University, and for this reason has specially featured the event.

The Alberta school, begun in 1913, has achieved remarkable growth during the past twelve years. Without the guiding genius of Dr. Tory and the arduous work of his conferees, however, such progress would have been impossible. The students of Alberta owe a deep debt of gratitude to these men for making such excellent educational privileges so readily available.

BACHELOR OF THE SCIENCE OF AGRICULTURE (B.S.A.)

Howe, John Wallace.
Johns, Cyril Kay.
Kilby, Cyril Clifford.
Lewis, Norman Gaybell.
McAra, Malcolm James.
Malmher, Wilfrid Gordon.
Moosman, Carl Clark.
Wallace, Malcolm Lindsay.

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE IN AGRICULTURE (B.Sc.)
Cormack, Eric Wyld.
Devlin, Thomas Parker.
Geddes, William Donald.
Grindley, Thomas William, B.A.
Leahy, Alfred.
Mawley, Robert Watson.
Richard, Charles Henry.
Smith, Wesley Gordon.
Thompson, Norbert.
Thompson, Leonard Baden.

BACHELOR OF HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS (B.H.E.)
Edgar, Bertha Jean Orin.
Farnalis, Dorothy.

FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF THE SCIENCE OF AGRICULTURE (B.S.A.), AD EUNDEM
Hearle, Eric.

FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF LAWS
Fagan, Ethel Bertha.
Baker, Morris Louis.
Ramsey, Moore, Alfred Gordon, B.A.
Bryon, James B.A.
Bryan, George James, B.A. (with Distinction).
Mabury, Elwood Alexander, B.A.
Day, Edgerton Winnett.
Downing, Percy William.
Driscoll, John Russell Cameron.
Gale, Henry Longhurst.
Jones, Luther.
Lefaur, Sigurd.
Mahaffy, James Cavan.
Miller, Bertha William.
Poole, William Newton.
Rudd, Frederick Albert, B.A.
Simmons, Ronald Beverley.
Thorn, John MacGregor.

FOR THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF MEDICINE
McGregor, J. M.
Bercov, Harry Aaron.
Eadie, William Worth.
Glen, John Stuart, B.A.
Grimson, Julius Caesar.
Law, Frank.
Lee, Carlton George.
Lewis, George Morris.
Liesener, Alfred Fortin.
Morrow, Robert John.
Weston, Daniel Tuttle.

FOR THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF MEDICINE, AD EUNDEM
Harris, Leonard Christopher, M.D., C.M.
Huckell, Graham, M.D., C.M.
Thompson, Gordon, M.D., C.M.
Young, Morley Alphonso Ryerson, M.D., C.M.

LICENTIATE COURSE IN PHARMACY (DIPLOMA)
Becker, Charles Maier.
Boyer, William John.
Carigan, Thomas James.
Holmes, Albert Victor.
Meters, Lawrence Richard.
Mitchell, Lorne Francis.
Monaghan, William John.
Nixon, Murray Francis.
Shipley, Harmon Alan.

PROFESSIONAL RESULTS
The following persons have passed the examinations for Licentiate to Practice, conducted by the University on behalf of the Affiliated Professional Societies, IN DECEMBER, 1924

Anderson, Arnold Johnston; Jennett, Beverley L.; Joyce, Alfred Lorne; Kilgour, Clifford Stanley; Macdonald, Edward Crawford; Ponton, George Patterson.
IN MAY, 1925
Amundsen, M. Nursing
Brandt, E. R.; Campbell, M.; Close, S. E.; Chapman, V. M.; Cox, M. G.; Donaldson, B. E.; Evans, G. J.; Fyfe, E.; Fleno, H.; Fleming, M.; George, H. C.; Glover, E.; Grimsom, O.; Hale, H. L.; Haslam, E. A.; Hefferman, L. M.; Horsfield, S. J.; Hunter, D. M.; Humar, H.; Kitchin, S.; Knight, M. J.; Lafleur, M.; Lomness, S. L.; Lockridge, E. J.; Long, E. B.; Lunt, E. H.; McBeath, J. M.; McEwen, M. H.; McMillan, H.; McGregor, D. E.; McGillivray, E. L.; Maxwell, I. H.; Morrison, F. M.; Miles, M. H.; Michelson, E. M.; Mies, M. J.; Murray, M. O.; Neas, J.; Newsham, E. M.; Poole, E.; Payzant, G. A.; Poppewell, M. E.; Raymond, D. M.; Sier, M. J.; Smith, M. M.; Straker, M. M.; Streeter, E. J. E.; Sheffield, F.; Shirley, E. C.; Taylor, F. L.; Twatles, G.; Watson, H. A.; Waldron, H.; Wettrre, A.

C. K. JOHNS WINS \$500 SCHOLARSHIP

Macdonald Scholarship, Awarded Annually to College of Agriculture, Allows Year's Study at Macdonald College

Mr. C. K. Johns has been awarded the Macdonald scholarship for 1924-25, and will be Alberta's representative next year at the Macdonald Agricultural College in Quebec.

During his three years at the University of Alberta, C. K. has not only set a splendid record as a student, but has taken a prominent part in student activities and in athletics. He was also a member of the Alberta stock judging team that last year won the Macdonald trophy at the Toronto Royal.

A scholarship to Macdonald College is awarded annually to each college of agriculture in the Dominion. Each scholarship is to the value of \$500 tenable at Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, where the recipient will study for a year.

In the selection, which is made by the Faculty Council in Agriculture, other qualifications, in addition to scholastic standing, are given careful consideration. The student must have a definite course of study which would be materially aided by a term at Macdonald College. The award must fit in with the line of work the student is at present following, or wishes to follow.

Mr. Johns is particularly interested in dairying, and will follow a course of study in bacteriology and chemistry.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION FOR WOMEN

Misses Adam, Allen; Aylesworth; Bala; Barraud; Bell, F. I.; Bell, M.; Bell, Mildred; Begg; Bishop; Bishard; Blue; Bulinger; Borden; Broadbridge; Burritt; Butler; Casey; Chauvin; Connors; Courville; Creighton; Craig, C.; Craig, D.; O'Neill; Diamond; Dickson; Elmore; Ewing; Farmer; Graham; E. Graham; V. Gable; Hamon; Harmer; Heggen; Hessey; Hinkle; Jackson; Jagos; Jamieson; James; Kellam; Lehmann; Lines; Lys; MacLennan, E.; MacLennan, J.; MacLaffy; MacNab; MacMillan; Milne; McBain; McCray; McDonald; McCallum; McKee; McKowan; McNeill; McLachlan; McLean; Newhouse; B. Newhouse; L. Nichols; Nix; Owens; Pfefferle; Parmelee; Redig; Reed; Roberts; Robinson; Rudolph; Saul; Sargent; Sebba; Shalin; Sherriffs; Stacey; Shankman; Stewart; Staunton; Sherer; Threster; Thompson; Treawday; Watt; Whiteside; Williams; Woodhull; Young.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION FOR MEN

Acheson, H. R. M.; Adams, C. R.; Ainsworth, H. Allen; J. C. M.; Allen, E. S.; Annett, V. L.; Archibald, W. S.; Askin, T. H.; Asplund, C. O.; Atwell, G. W.; Aylesworth; Bala; Baker, A. T.; Baker, M. J.; Banville, O. G.; Barnett, R. J.; Becker, C. M.; Begg, G.; Begg, H.; Bosmans, S. C.; Bowman, R. E. P.; Boyce, J. W.; Boyd, R. W.; Boyle, E. P.; Brown, C. B.; Brown, R. J.; Buchanan, R. R.; Borrowman, A. M.; Boykovich, M.; Brown, H. K.; Burke, E. W.; Bullock, J. T.; Brynildsen, E. K.; Burslein, J.; Cameron, A. A.; Cameron, A. L.; Campbell, James Allen; Carrigan, T. J.; Carson, A. O.; Carley, W. T.; Carlson, C. E.; Casper, J.; Chambers, A. L.; Conquest, G. R.; Crawford, A. R.; Ourlis, J. S. M.; Cutsungavich, W. D.; Caldwell, D. B.; Campbell, A. D.; Carleton, J. A.; Christenson, C. W.; Clark, J. E.; Clark, E. V.; Cornwall, J. D.; Cram, E. J.; Culver, E. S.; Cummings, R. G.; Dockerill, R. P.; Downey, H. J.; Duncan, B. L.; Dickson, H. L.; Dick, K. L.; Dean, W. R.; Dumouchel, M. L.; Dutil, W. J.; Dunn, N. E.; Edgar, J. E.; Emmett, P. J.; English, R. E.; Envoy, C. W.; Field, G. S.; Foster, E. M.; Fraser, G. W.; Fraser, C. G.; Fraser, H. H.; Fraser, R. N.; Freifeld, D.; Frickleton, W. C.; Fuog, P.; Foster, W. M.; Gardiner, E. G.; Galsinger, S.; Galbreath, E. G.; Gelsinger, M. E.; Gerhart, C. E.; Goodall, L. B.; Goldberg, W. D.; Green, J. C.; Gross, W. K.; Groves, A. E.; Gudmundson, A. E.; Guelph, W. D.; Gale, H. G.; Gwilt, P. Greenlee, D. G.; Gristoff, J. S.; Gally, W.; Hamilton, R. C.; Halliday, R. F.; Harwood, R.; Howelak, A.; Hillier, H. W. E.; Hodson, W. M.; Hobbs, A. W.; Hobbs, J. S.; Holmes, A. W.; Horne, T.; Houston, H. D.; Halperin, M.; Hango, J. R.; Harcourt, C. A.; Harner, W. L.; Harrope, E. Johnston, M. J.; Jones, A. R.; Johnston, H. G.; Keer, C. W.; Kellam, E. C.; Kemp, M. D.; Kieckhafer, L. A.; Kingman, R. E.; Kitchin, C. J.; Kell, C. J.; Lakata, W. Leech, G. V.; Leminski, M.; Lesk, L.; Little, W. C.; Lopushinsky, V. T.; Lucas, J. W.; Lynd, J. W.; Lynd, C. R.; Lynch-Staunton, J. Lynch-Staunton, H.; Lefaur, J.; Lesik, J. L.; Lewis, G. C. M.; Liesener, A. J. E.; Lowry, C. M.; MacGregor, H. A.; MacLachlan, C. C.; MacBeath, T. G.; McGillock, W. N.; McDougall, F. W.; McIntyre, V. W.; McMillan, S. R.; McPherson, J. A.; McVeigh, S. C.; Madden, S. C.; Maloney, J. H.; Meadows, W. A.; Melnyk, N.; Meters, L. R.; Miller, F. R.; Mitchell, L. E.; Monaghan, W. J.; Morrison, W. S.; Morris, D. D.; Mutchmor, J. M.; Hale, H. D.; Margolis, G. H.; Moffatt, J. W.; Major, T. B.; Mellin, T.; Melnyk, N.; Markle, C. S.; Macaulay, M. G.; Macdonald, L. S.; MacLennan, G. N.; Piper, L. S.; Pratt, K. E.; Potter, J. W.; Power, A. P.; Pratt, K. E.; Potter, W.; Porter, R. D.; Peterson, E. N.; Peterson, E. N.; Pave, E. R.; Pave, J. R. M.; Ranks, G. G.; Reher, H. G.; Revell, D. G.; Robinson, W.; Roxburg, L. D. B.; Russell, W. F.; Russell, L. S.; Rymer, E. C.; Rung, G. A.; Richards, R. A.; Rogers, H. B.; Scott, H.; Shipley, H. A.; Smith, Cameron A.; Somerville, H. C.; Steele, W. E.; Steeves, W. B.; Stephens, C. W.; Swan, P. J.; Strickland, M. J.; S. J.; Saddington, A. W.; Schroeder, F. W.; Scott, H. A.; Siebert, W. J.; Sparro, G. D.; Smith, H. A.; Staphan, M.; Staphan, K. R. E.; Sweeney, J. M.; Sheneluck, M. D.; Tinkham, E. R.; Thomson, J.; Trlek, L. B.; Taylor, T. W.; Tennyson, B. S.; Thompson, R. K.; Thomson, R. K.; Thompson, T. B.; Van Buren, B. K.; Valens, W. L.; Voss, G.; Waldo, C. S.; Walker, F. K.; Walley, M. J.; Walton, T. F.; Watt, E. C.; Wright, K.; Wright, K.; Wylly, F. J.; Wyman, E. S. M.; Wasson, K. C.; Wellos, C.; Werthebach, F. A.; White, A. V.; White, R.; Wright, R. J. L.; Woodford, R. S.; Woodford, R. S.; Young, C. M.; Young, R. S.; Zukus, P.

STATUS OF CLASS MEMBERS DEFINED

(Continued from Page One)

tioned student (not included in (c)) who is registered in the third year of any degree course of four, five or six years.

(2) An undergraduate or conditioned student (not included in (c)) who is registered in the second year of any three year degree course requiring Senior Matriculation.

The provisions concerning the Sophomore are much the same as those concerning the Junior, except that they stipulate:

"That a student, whether conditioned or otherwise, who is registered in the full second year of a diploma course" shall be considered a Sophomore.

A printer's error has occurred in the article concerning scholarships appearing on page 6. The awards are to be made in 1925—not 1295.

CLASH OF MEETINGS TO BE AVERTED

(Continued from Page One)

2. For the purpose of this Act, unless the context otherwise requires, meeting shall be taken to include dances, banquets and major athletic events.

3. A Schedule man shall be appointed by the Students' Council at the first meeting of the academic year, to hold office for the duration of the said year.

4. It shall be the duty of the Schedule man to regulate the time of the meetings of the various student organizations.

5. The Schedule man shall call a meeting of representatives of all student organizations.

(b) He shall there communicate to these representatives the terms of this Act, and any related regulations of the Students' Council or of the Committee on Student Affairs.

(c) The Schedule man shall then divide the organizations into two classes:

(1) Those meeting at regular intervals.

(2) Those meeting at irregular intervals.

(d) The representatives of the first class will arrange with the representatives of the second class that certain days each week will be left free for the meetings of the organizations of the second class.

(e) The representatives of the first class will then draft a schedule of their meetings for the year.

(f) The time of meeting of the organizations of the second class shall be allotted on application.

6. Every organization shall be required to make written application to the Schedule man three days before the proposed time of meeting, except in the case of meetings arranged for under subsection (e) of Section 5.

7. Meetings of the Students' Union shall have precedence over all other meetings.

8. Applications for permission to hold dances, banquets, major athletic events, and meetings in Convocation Hall shall be first presented to the Schedule Man, who shall ratify them and forward them to the Provost.

9. The Schedule Man shall keep posted in the rotunda of the Arts Building a calendar of the meetings for the following two weeks of which he has knowledge.

10. The President of any student organization not complying with the terms of this Act shall be guilty of an offence under subsection 9 of Section 11 of the Students' Code and personally liable to a fine not to exceed ten dollars.

FINANCIAL REPORT 1924-25

(Continued from Page One)

DEBATING SOCIETY.

Income.
By Budget\$ 150.00
Other Income 58.75
Total\$ 208.75
Expenditure.
Total Expenditure\$ 188.69
Transferred to S.U. General... 20.06
Total\$ 208.75

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

Income.
Budget\$ 200.00
Inter-Year Play Expenses 378.65
"Admirable Crichton" Receipts 297.40
Other Income 29.25
Total\$ 905.30
Expenditure.
Equipment\$ 162.00
Inter-Year Play Expenses 170.00
"Admirable Crichton" Expenses 255.00
Other Expenditure 216.14
Transferred to S.U. General... 71.26
Total\$ 905.30

GLEE CLUB.

Income.
Budget\$ 75.00
Grant from Lit. General 50.00
Total\$ 125.00
Expenditure.
Equipment\$ 28.42
Other Expenditure 34.94
Transferred to S.U. General... 61.64
Total\$ 125.00

ORCHESTRA.

Income.
Budget\$ 85.00
Grant from Lit. General 39.92
Total\$ 124.92
Expenditure.
Equipment\$ 23.65
Other Expenditure 101.38
Total\$ 124.92

WOMEN'S ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

WOMEN'S ATHLETIC GENERAL.
Income.
By Budget\$ 12.00
Balance Basketball 129.80
Balance Tennis 9.30
Other Income 37.00
Total\$ 188.60
Expenditure.
Equipment\$ 43.20
Other Expenditure 139.28
Transferred to Hockey 9.21
Transferred to S.U. General... 26.91
Total\$ 188.60

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL CLUB.

Income.
Budget\$ 150.00
Grant from S.U. General 100.00
Other Income 143.75
Total\$ 393.75
Expenditure.
Equipment\$ 15.00
Other Expenditure 248.95
Balance to Athletic General ... 129.80
Total\$ 393.75

WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

Income.
By Budget\$ 420.00
Grant from S.U. General 100.00
Loan from S.U. General 342.93
Other Income 9.21
Total\$ 1,147.14
Expenditure.
Equipment\$ 77.22
Loan Returns 759.92
Other Expenditure 311.00
Total\$ 1,147.14

WOMEN'S TENNIS CLUB.

Income.
Budget\$ 37.00
Total\$ 37.00
Expenditure.
Total Expenditure\$ 27.20
Transferred to Women's A.S. General 9.80
Total\$ 37.00

MEN'S ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

MEN'S ATHLETIC GENERAL.
Income.
Budget\$ 225.00
Transferred from Rugby 100.00
Transferred from Soccer 147.92
Other Income 43.15
Total\$ 515.67
Expenditure.
Men's Basketball\$ 64.64
Other Expenditure 371.82
Grant to Men's Hockey 75.00
Transferred to S.U. General... 4.21
Total\$ 515.67

MEN'S SENIOR BASKETBALL.

Income.
By Budget\$ 277.00
Other Income 132.72
Transferred Athletic General... 64.64
Total\$ 455.36
Expenditure.
Equipment\$ 163.30
Other Expenditure 292.06
Total\$ 455.36

BOXING AND WRESTLING.

Income.
Budget\$ 155.00
Other Income 152.00
Total\$ 307.00
Expenditure.
Equipment\$ 133.60
Other Expenditure 127.86
Transferred to S.U. General... 46.14
Total\$ 307.00

MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

Income.
Budget\$ 324.00
Grant from S.U. General 55.00
Loan from S.U. General 147.92
Grant from Athletic General... 75.00
Other Income 572.85
Total\$ 1,136.85
Expenditure.
Return Loan S.U. General\$ 100.00
Equipment\$ 100.00
Other Expenditure 876.59
Transferred to S.U. General... 136.26
Total\$ 1,136.85

RUGBY CLUB.

Income.
Budget\$ 501.00
Loan S.U. General 100.00
Other Income 439.55
Total\$ 1,040.55
Expenditure.
Return Loan S.U. General\$ 100.00
Transferred to Ath. General... 100.00
Equipment\$ 427.30
Other Expenditure 398.10
Transferred to S.U. General... 15.15
Total\$ 1,040.55

SOCCER CLUB.

Income.
Budget\$ 200.00
Total\$ 200.00
Expenditure.
Equipment\$ 47.50
Other Expenditure 4.98
Transferred to Ath. General... 147.52
Total\$ 200.00

TRACK CLUB.

Income.
Budget\$ 78.00
Other Income 109.00
Total\$ 187.00
Expenditure.
Equipment\$ 59.71
Other Expenditure 124.20
Transferred to S.U. General... 5.09
Total\$ 187.00

MEDICAL ETHICS REVEALED TO LAITY

Hints to New M.D.'s Give Us Idea of What and What Not to Expect

It is not often we have the opportunity of getting the medical man's point of view on proper professional conduct. This excerpt, taken from a larger article, reveals a few deep, dark secrets.

Insist on patients drawing up their wills before operation; it may save unnecessary complications.

In dealing with babies, always tell the mother the truth concerning the babies' looks. "An honest man's the noblest work of art."

Do not forget to tell your patients how little knowledge the neighbouring physician possesses. It enhances your own reputation.

In case of accident or infection, always blame the nurse or the patient. The physician never errs.

Call your nurses and other professional associates by their first names; such familiarity tends towards greater efficiency.

Do not forget the psychology of suggestion—mention a large fee before

Alberta Medical School Sends Forth First Graduates 1925

Alberta Medical School has Made Remarkable Progress

One of Four Class "A" Medical Schools in Canada—University Controls Its Own Hospital

In writing a few words for the special Convocation number of the Gateway, I must begin by congratulating the members of the first graduating class in Medicine on having completed their course. The road they have travelled has not been an easy one, either for them or for the University authorities. Much hard spade work had to be done and many prejudices had to be overcome before the final years of Medicine were added to the course; but in the end, however, the faculty was completed and the way to graduation was opened. I heartily congratulate the graduating class and wish them all prosperity.

Now, just a few words about the Medical Faculty itself. It had its beginning not, as has been suggested, in the ambitious and overheated brain of the President, but as the result of a growing demand from the country districts of the province. If my memory serves me aright, the first suggestion that a medical faculty should be started in the University was made by Mr. Peter Gunn, now Sheriff Gunn, when he was a member of the Legislature for Lac Ste. Anne. He stated in the Legislature and to me privately that there was a great need for doctors in the country places and that it was the duty of the University to have a proper medical school for the purpose of training our own young people. In the early days of the University, the country members of the Legislature were constantly demanding that the Government make provision for the care of the sick in the country districts. A considerable number of doctors of medicine who had failed to pass the necessary qualifying examinations of the province were granted licence to practise by legislative enactment because they were practising in country districts. In the Annual Report of the University to the government for the year ending June 30, 1913, the following paragraph occurs:

"In starting medical teaching in the University of Alberta, the Senate and Board of Governors were prompted by a desire to assist in solving what is rapidly becoming a pressing problem, namely, the care of the sick in the country districts of the province. Medical men coming from outside, generally speaking, prefer to settle in towns and cities. The requirements of the country, it is believed, will not be met until men are trained who have been brought up under our own conditions of life and who are thus familiar with the needs of our country districts."

Further, Alberta students were practically debarred from studying medicine because of the cost of travelling, the years of study required and the high cost of medical education. These factors combined made training in medicine impossible to all but the few who were well situated financially.

In the fall of 1913, the Faculty of Medicine was started. The Departments of Chemistry, Physics, Biology were already in existence in the Faculty of Arts. The Departments of Anatomy and Physiology were therefore added and arrangements completed for three years' work of the five year course then required by most of the Canadian universities. After our plans were completed, they were submitted to McGill and Toronto Universities, and both institutions agreed to give our students standing in the fourth year without examinations. The faculty was thus fairly launched.

The nucleus was the Public Health Laboratories for which the Government in 1911 asked the University to accept responsibility. Dr. Revell, who was in charge of the Laboratories, was taken over ultimately by the University and made Professor of Anatomy, and the late Colonel Mosher was appointed Professor of Physiology. In 1914, Dr. Rankin was appointed Director of the Public Health Laboratories and became Professor of Bacteriology. These three departments with the other scientific departments of the University in the Faculty of Arts were the first units which entered into the faculty.

Then came the war, and with it a call for medical men and medical students. Dr. Rankin joined up at once. Dr. Mosher later went overseas with the 11th Field Ambulance, taking with him many of the medical students. A few continued their courses either at McGill or Toronto, finishing their work in competition with students whose preliminary training had been in eastern universities. They made such a good showing in comparison that the position of the faculty as a teaching body was immediately recognized.

In the meantime, the absence of

doctors overseas made the call for medical men more insistent in the country. Then came the awful influenza scourge of 1918 with its toll of death. The university was closed for a while and Pembina Hall was turned into a hospital. A demand was immediately made in the Legislature that the final years in Medicine should be added to the course at the University to enable students to graduate. On my return from Europe in 1919, the Government gave us authority to go forward with our Medical Building and to add the final years of the course, as soon as financial arrangements could be completed.

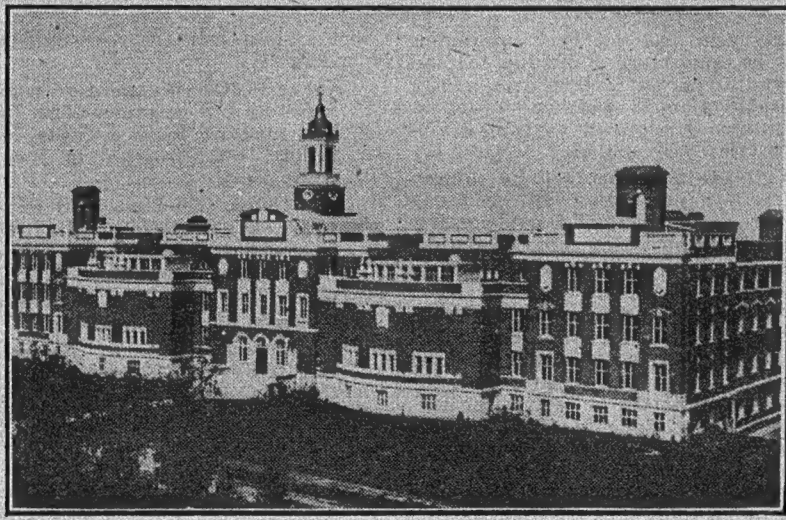
Just about this time, word reached us that the Rockefeller Foundation was offering to assist medical schools in Canadian universities, if a certain standard of work was maintained. It was through their generosity that we were able to put on the final years of the course, for though the Legislature was anxious to have the faculty completed, it did not show the same willingness to provide the necessary funds to put a sufficient teaching staff on a permanent basis. The Rockefeller Foundation agreed to give us \$25,000 a year for five years with a partial promise that, if we succeeded in our plan of completing the Medical Building with its laboratories, they would make us a capital grant of \$500,000. Because of this we were able to make at once a certain number of new appointments and to add materially to our equipment. The new Medical Building, begun in the spring of 1920, was brought to completion in the summer of 1921 and was opened for teaching purposes the following September. In planning and equipping this building, the aim was not only to make it adequate for scientific instruction but to make provision for every department in it to be a research department.

A year later we were visited by the Secretary of the Council on Medical Education and Hospitals of the American Medical Association, who, after a thorough investigation of our equipment and teaching power, recommended our school for a Class "A" classification among the Medical Schools of America. It is hardly necessary to say that this was a recognition of what had been accomplished which made everyone connected with the Medical School feel very proud.

It was not a difficult matter to arrange for the preliminary sciences if money could be provided to get equipment and appoint a staff. It was a different matter when it came to securing the necessary clinical material. Fortunately, in the early days of the University, when the City of Strathcona was building a hospital, arrangements were made to have it built upon the University grounds, looking to a possible medical school in the future. During the war, this hospital had been leased to the Dominion Government as a military hospital. In 1922 negotiations were entered into and completed between the University and the City of Edmonton for the transfer of this hospital to the University. This gave the University direct control of a hospital for clinical purposes, placing it in a unique position in Canada. In order to accommodate the soldiers, the University and the Dominion Government agreed to the erection of a special soldiers' wing, which raised the bed capacity of the hospital to about one hundred and seventy-five, giving the necessary space for the required clinical services.

The final step in the completion of our plans was taken last year when a building was rented in the more thickly settled portion of the City of Edmonton for the purpose of an outdoor clinic.

It must be remembered, however, that in any educational institution recognition does not come because of the possession of buildings and equipment but because of the presence in the institution of the right kind of men carrying on instruction and research and also of students of quality. The University of Alberta has been singularly fortunate in the men who have constituted the personnel of its Medical School. It is not necessary to mention individuals. Whatever recognition the Medical School has received so far has been due to the self-denying efforts and devotion to the institution of the members of its teaching faculty. Its reputation in the future, however, will depend upon the quality of the work done by its graduates. The medical profession is one of the noblest of all professions. Of no other are such high ideals of life and conduct demanded. I am confident that



MEDICAL BUILDING
This building, erected and equipped at a cost approximating \$2,500,000, is one of the finest of its type in Canada

GRADUATES GET GLIMPSE OF FUTURE

See Selves Twenty-five Years Hence, in Position of Responsibility and Influence

(Note.—This is the verbatim report of the toast given by Dr. Pope, Professor of Medicine, to the graduating class at the recent medical banquet.)

In rising to propose a toast to the Graduating Class, I am fully cognizant of the honour that has been conferred upon me. I am not, for example, unmindful of the fact that this is the first graduating class in the history of Medicine in the University of Alberta. Possibly the members of the class have not themselves fully realized the significance of their position. Have they, for instance, contemplated the enormous, the comprehensive responsibility incidental to it? Have they stopped to gaze into the crystal and see themselves twenty-five years from tonight occupying the seats of the mighty now held by your Dean and his middle-aged colleagues? If on that night they are somewhat boastful of the memory of their graduation with the first Alberta group, they may well be forgiven even though the land may have gone dry again and deprived them of that inspiration which has its expression in the old and hackneyed phrase "In vivo veritas".

It may not be amiss, either, for the proposer of this toast to offer a timely word of good advice to guide them on their way. Let it be known that the day is high at hand when they will be face to face with real issues, real emergencies, real problems of their own. They will soon be taking their places as the fellow-practitioners of those who have already passed the portals of public confidence. They are soon to link themselves up with a community that will expect of them an enormous amount of service and efficiency. They will, if they look straight, find themselves bound by the law and the church to sweet and tender companions with whom they will pursue the traditions of Biology and go forth and multiply and replenish the earth. Soon they will find themselves playing a triple role in the tragedy, in the comedy, in the drama, in the opera of life—the role of the physician, the citizen, and the head of a family—a role that will enact the highest degree of histrionic versatility. Therefore, let them study well the lines of their fellow-players and act in harmony among them. There is no better than the Golden Rule to guide them. Professional ethics may be reduced to a common denominator—gentlemanliness.

As practitioners, let our young hopefuls be warned against one terrible pit-fall: the unhappy practice of looking at frail humanity with only a surgical eye.

As citizens, let them take a lively interest in community problems and discussions and let them remain in this great Dominion to help in its reconstruction. The Doctor of Medicine, by virtue of his mental training in treating disease of the individual, may be best equipped to detect and to treat the diseases of the body politic.

Finally, as heads of families, let them imbue their progeny with the

(Continued on Page 6)

the members of the graduating class have had instilled into them by those from whom they received instruction a lofty conception of their life's work. If our graduates live up to that conception, there will be no question of the place which the Medical School will have in the future of Alberta.

H. M. TORY,
President.

MEDICAL GRADUATE MAY SHIFT HORIZON

By Service in Foreign Lands He Builds Valuable Foundation of General Knowledge

(Dr. H. H. Hepburn, M.D.C.M., F.R.C.S.E.)

These comments are made, having in mind principally, the horizon as viewed by the medical student, undergraduate and graduate. By the time the student has entered a medical school it is presumed that he is familiar with the law of gravitation, and has a general idea of the construction of the universe. The delusion of childhood, that all that really matters can be seen from the paternal house-top, has probably been dispelled. By the time he leaves the medical school he may, or may not have recovered from the delusion of youth, that the social, and scientific order revolves about him and his, and can be viewed from the figurative roof of his Alma Mater. He may see himself as the center of a small circle of knowledge, his teachers as the center of a larger, concentric circle, and his teachers' teachers as the center of a larger, concentric circle, whose radius leads beyond the horizon of his present knowledge. Wanderlust or scientific curiosity may prompt the desire to extend his knowledge, and shift the horizon by pilgrimage to distant shrines, or practical experience in foreign lands.

To the student who is fortunate enough to enjoy the advantages of foreign travel while still an undergraduate, the writer would give this advice: Do not spend your limited time in the wards of the London Hospital, nor in the laboratories of the Pasteur Institute. Rather, invest your time, and energy, in observing the peoples, and studying the social conditions that developed those great institutions. Lay a broad foundation of general knowledge, on which to build the structure of your special knowledge. The lifting of the embargo on Canadian cattle may again afford the opportunity for the thrifty student to visit Europe during the summer vacation. In the days when the writer was an undergraduate, large numbers of students worked a passage to and from Europe on cattle boats.

To the graduate, there are open each year, a limited number of appointments as ship surgeon on the various ocean liners. These vessels are frequently in port for from one to four weeks, and afford considerable opportunity for seeing the world—without joining the navy. For those who wish to go abroad and settle down to concentrated post-graduate work, two plans present themselves. One may be fortunate enough to obtain an appointment as interne in some hospital, or as assistant in some laboratory. The less fortunate, and great majority, will be obliged to content themselves with attendance at the free clinics, and in addition, arrange to join private classes. No student should proceed abroad without first having consulted someone who is familiar with the educational center he proposes to visit.

For one whose experience abroad must be, at least, self-supporting, one thinks first of the Indian Medical Service, and the British Colonial Service. Both of these, however, demand that one must obligate himself for a considerable number of years. The Indian Medical Service was at one time very attractive, but in so far as the white man is concerned, it has really had its day. The Colonial Service affords a wider field, comprising various stations in Africa, Strait Settlements, Zanzibar, and several of the lesser islands. The writer has not heard this service very favorably spoken of.

For those who have read Kipling, and yearn for the "spicy garlic smells", there are opportunities in the tropical and subtropical zones of

Medical Practice in Orient Enveloped in Superstition

Study Among Siamese Shows Curious Beliefs — Derangement of Four Body Elements, They Say, Causes Disease

It may be truthfully stated in general terms, that the Siamese native practice of medicine is enveloped in the deep darkness of ignorance and superstition. Keen studious observation, which is indispensable to general practice, is exceedingly rare in the profession—what is written in their medical books of the virtues and powers of particular medicines, is received by native physicians as true, of course, and their own powers of observation are so obtuse, that however wide from the truth these descriptions may be, they would not be likely, on a trial of their virtues, however long continued, to detect their falsity. If any article of the materia medica does not produce the effect it is written that it would, it is attributed, not to want of power of the medicine, but to some counter-acting influence beyond human ken to foresee and human power to avert.

The most learned among them have the least possible knowledge of anatomy. They have some vague notions of a few of the bones, but not idea of their number. As to distinct muscles of the human body, they know absolutely nothing, regarding them all as an indistinguishable mass of flesh. With a few of the superficial tendons, they are, of course, acquainted, and can call by appropriate names. But of the nerves they are profoundly ignorant, and hence there is no word, or set of words in the language by which to designate any one of them. They cannot avoid seeing some of the most superficial veins, but concerning the arterial circulation, they have the most ludicrous notions, supposing the pulse, whenever felt to be a conductor of wind. They suppose the two passages to the lungs and stomach to be one and the same and that the heart can be reached via the oesophagus. The liver is regarded as having so slight a fastening as to be able to go out of its place at any time at all.

The Siamese believe the human system to be composed wholly of the four elements, water, wind, fire, and earth, and that disease is simply a derangement in the proportion of these elements. They believe that matter of all kinds without the body is constituted in the same way and that it is continually operating upon the elements within, producing health or disease. If, for example, the element Fire from without enters the body in undue proportions, it will derange the healthy equilibrium of the same element within and the consequence will be some one or more of the many of their diseases arranged under the division Fire, as fevers—intermittent, remittent and continued—measles and smallpox. Similarly each one of the four external elements at times excite one or more of the corresponding internal powers to diseased action. Each element is supposed to have its season of peculiar disease influence. In certain months of the year, the Wind is prone to bring disease.

But disease is not always excited by the elements that are external to the body. The internal elements, being deranged, losing their healthy equilibrium from causes wholly internal. For instance, apoplexy, they say, is a diseased action caused by the internal wind blowing from all parts of the system upon the heart with such force that it is often ruptured and consequently life instantaneously extinguished, or that the Wind has some how or other made too much of a vacuum in the upper storey and must be forced to return upwards if cure is to be effected. It is believed that wind may be expelled from the body by all the emunctories of the skin; hence, that it may

most familiar is the kingdom of Siam, famous for its production of rice, teak wood, and twigs. In that country there has been developed a medical school for training of native students, and a well organized medical service, employing some twenty or thirty white medical men. This development has been, in no small measure, due to the efforts and example of Professor A. C. Rankin, the present dean of the medical faculty of the University of Alberta, with whom the writer had the pleasure of being associated in the Siamese service, prior to the late World War. For the surgeon and the pathologist in particular, that country offers a wealth of material, and practical experience.

No matter what course be pursued in the quest of knowledge, and in the shifting of the horizon, the writer would urge two precepts: firstly, that one should generalize before one specializes, and secondly, that one should always have, and never lose sight of, a definite objective.

The writer has, through this article, avoided the use of the feminine gender. Not that he has failed to note, nor wished to show any disapproval of the advent of the lady doctor, but rather that he shrinks from the task of attempting to guide the destinies of young ladies.

Asia and South America. The tropical field with which the writer is be withdrawn by suction as with cupping instruments—poultices and plasters—that it may be abstracted by venesection and "sacrificed"—that it may be drawn out with the perspiration by diaphoretics internal and external, general and tropical—that it may be hushed with sedatives within and without, and lastly, that a healthy equilibrium may be restored by medicines which have the powers to invite or drive the surplus element to parts of the system that suffer for want of it.

If the disease be one which they suppose to arise from Wind deficiency—they will try to raise a breeze by appropriate medicines or dietetic means. They suppose singing in the ears and giddiness to be due to a deficiency of wind blowing upwards to the brain. The upper part of the skull becomes consequently too great a vacuum. The approved method of treatment is to fill the stomach with food to high intensity.

It is a rare thing for any native trained physician to profess to be a general practitioner of medicine. They content themselves usually with the practice of but one or two branches of the profession: One practices exclusively in fevers, another smallpox, another treats only dropsy, and so on. Considering their small capacities and indisposition to study and enlarge the sphere of their knowledge, it is no doubt well that they do not attempt to do more individually.

According to their theory, all diseases are produced either from excess or diminution of one or more of the elements. In nineteen cases out of twenty, the patient, to inquiry what ails him, will reply "Pen-lom"—it is the wind. There are two grand divisions of internal wind, viz.: that above the diaphragm and that below. It is seldom if ever that disease runs its course without involving one or more of the other elements. For example, in the case of a phlegmon or boil, the wind is first at fault, by driving the blood from all quarters of the body into the locality of the disease where it stagnates, being invested, as it were, by the wind. Secondly, Water (blood serum) consequently settles in that place. Thirdly, the internal fire having nothing to fan it away, the wind having retired from action at the time, then acts upon the serum and heats it to scalding; and, fourthly, the earth becomes diseased from the great heat and is consequently decomposed and melted down into pus and mortification.

They have four general classes of medicine, viz.: those that have a tendency to counteract disturbances made by each one of the four elements. The modus operandi of the individual medicines of each dose is supposed to be as various as the specific diseases are. Medicine for a wind in the head may be very diverse and operate very differently from that of a medicine for wind elsewhere. A snuff, an application of wash to the eyes or ears, a patch of plaster to the temples may calm the wind in the head, while a carminative or something else totally at variance, taken into the stomach, will dissipate the storm in that region. The Siamese physician is employed by the job. On condition that the doctor cure the disease, the patient, or his agent, promises to pay a stipulated sum of money. If the doctor fails to fulfill the condition of the bargain he will of course get nothing for his trouble and expense. The expression "Maw Nu Kei laoh", the doctor has fled from his patient, expresses the too frequent consequence of professional despair.

Usually, it is the highest ambition of a native physician to pursue but a few of the four orders of the profession and to make money enough to allow himself to possess a house floored with plank and enclosed with boards of solid timber instead of bamboo, with a little yard or orchard attached and some two or three wives and all together a growing family of half brothers and sisters. Polygamy among them is accounted a mark of opulent distinction, and favour which has descended to them by virtue of good deeds performed in previous states of existence.

THE ELEVEN MEMBERS OF ALBERTA'S FIRST GRADUATING CLASS IN MEDICINE



F. Law



J. S. Glenn, B.A.



H. A. Bercey



J. C. Grimson



W. W. Eadie



Miss L. C. McGregor



R. J. Morrow



G. M. Lewis



E. Liesemer



D. T. Weston



C. G. Lee, M.A.

REPORT ON STUDENTS' UNION ORGANIZATIONS 1924-25

MEDICAL SERVICES

It should not be necessary to explain to any member of the Union this year what the objects of the Medical Services are and how its administration is carried on. The pamphlet issued to each one of us at the time of registration makes these points quite clear. The report on this subject read by Mr. Haworth some time ago definitely states that our Medical Services is "at least as good if not better than any other similar service in America." The financial statement to be submitted to you presently will speak eloquently for its efficient and economical administration. The year was started with a deficit of about \$1,500, and it is hoped to close it with a surplus of about \$300. The entire credit for this splendid showing is due to the professional members of the Medical Services staff, Dr. Pope (the Director), Dr. Scott, and Nurse Hayes, and to the administrative staff, President Tory, Dr. MacEachran and Mr. West.

GRADUATING



GRACE STUDHOLME
President of Wauneita

Students' Council

The Council has held nineteen meetings. Some of its sessions were many hours long owing to the importance and number of questions under consideration.

I take advantage of this opportunity to thank the members of the Council, individually and collectively, for their loyal and hearty support during my term of office. Without their assistance and suggestions any small effort I may have made to serve you would have been fruitless. From experience in three different Councils I am inclined to think that this year the heads of the major organizations cooperated to a greater extent.

Before passing on to the few criticisms and suggestions I have to make I would remind you that the Council is the Central Executive of the Union and is responsible to the Students' Union and to the University authorities, from whom we derive all our powers, authority and privileges. The Council, then, is a guardian of the good name of our University in so far as students are concerned. It is responsible for the efficient administration of all student activities and for the maintenance of student discipline. It is also responsible for the proper management of our treasury which handles approximately \$20,000 a year. To accept a position on the Council, means the acknowledgement of a heavy responsibility.

The measure of usefulness and success of your Council is directly proportional to the realization by each individual member of his or her responsibility.

In my opinion, the Council as at present constituted, is rather unwieldy—largely because of its numbers. If it is to continue in its present form, I would submit the following:

1. That meetings be held regularly once a week at a given date, hour and place.
2. That the Secretary record in the minutes of each meeting the names of absent members, except when written explanation of absence has been received and the same accepted by the meeting.
3. That at these meetings the members indicate the policy being followed in their various organizations and submit for the approval of the Council all new financial transactions.
4. The Council should keep closer supervision of the finances of the Union. It is foolish to spend time in October discussing the advisability of reducing the Wauneita budget by \$5.00, and later on allow other organizations to make transfers of monies and incur liabilities far exceeding this sum without the approval of the Council.
5. That the Treasurer of the Union have charge of the financial

arrangements of any function—outside the usual activities, and especially where such function is of particular interest to the Union and the University.

6. No transfer of money should be made from one organization to another without the approval of the Council.
7. The Council should first approve all expenditures on equipment exceeding a certain sum.
8. No organization should at the end of its season's activities, invest in equipment for future years unless the Council gives its approval.
9. All presentations and recognitions should have the approval of the major organizations and the Council.
10. It would expedite matters if the executives of the major organizations also met regularly and their representatives brought to the Council meeting their purchasing and paying requisitions. Were this suggestion to be adopted even in a modified form it would obviate occurrences such as the following:

Within the past two weeks I signed three cheques to the total value of over \$100. The Men's Athletic Association should have submitted both a paying and a purchasing requisition for one of these last November. The Literary Association should have attended to the second one some time ago, while the third one, for Women's Athletics, should have been paid last year.

11. Lastly, I should like to emphasize an inconsistency. With the exception of strictly routine items, no expenditures were made out of the Students' Union general account without the President, Secretary or Treasurer of the Union first securing the sanction of the Council. In fact, Mr. Davies and I were taken to task for having invested the Union Reserve Fund in Province of Alberta 5 per cent. bonds. That is, the Council was either told or insisted on being told of everything that happened to the Union General Account. It is a good and sound policy. This policy should be extended to include all departments.

Let me cite an example: The Union guaranteed the Oxford Debate to the extent of \$350. Yet the surplus from the proceeds went direct to the Literary Association general account, and a good proportion of it was transferred to some of the affiliated clubs of the Association. The Council knew nothing of these transactions. I submit that business methods such as the above are rather inconsistent.

STUDENTS' COURT

Chief Justice Bryan is to be congratulated on the success which followed his efforts to strengthen the position of the Court. The student body recognize its value and usefulness as well as its authority. The Rice case has been a factor in unifying the student body in support of the Court.

I would make one criticism in the form of observation. Not long ago at one of our functions the behavior of a member of the Union very obviously was not becoming to a gentleman. Although the Sheriff was present and had observed what was going on, no action was taken by him.

I must take advantage of this opportunity to emphatically deny the allegations occasionally made to the effect that the Court is merely a mouthpiece of the University authorities. Nothing is further from the truth. The Chief Justice and other officials of our Court are supposed to consider all cases submitted to them on the basis of the evidence placed before them. At no time in the history of its existence has any member of the University staff or Students' Union executive tried to influence or direct the Court's decisions one way or the other.

UNION SECRETARY

One of the most useful investments the Union made this year was a steel file. The absence of such a file in the past may account for the scarcity of documents in the Students' Union office.

A cross-index system for filing all correspondence and documents was introduced. Mr. Mahaffy, the Secretary of the Union, collected the correspondence from the sub-organizations, and placed it on file. This file with the centralized system of books kept by the Central Check should prove of assistance to future executives.

I would suggest that the Secretary of the Union be made responsible to the Council for the organization and administration of the Rooters' Club.

A log book for the Union should be kept, as well as a book in which all decorations awarded by the various clubs and societies are entered for permanent record. The President and Secretary of the Union should either themselves keep or else see that such records are kept.

It may be pointed out that in the past the President and Secretary of the Union were held responsible for the enforcement of the Point System Act.

Union Finances

The year has not been characterized by any large individual capital expenditures, but collectively a considerable amount has been spent on permanent equipment by the various clubs, Gateway included.

A financial report will be submitted to you presently. In discussing the Students' Council I made a few suggestions by which some of the defects in our present system might be remedied.

For the first time, the organizations were required this year to submit estimated income and expenditures for the session prior to the preparation of the budget in the fall. This was not done in all cases, and in some instances only very roughly. In view of the fact that no records were available for previous years, it was impossible to insist upon it.

Occasionally an organization would request some extra money grant from the Council without bringing in a prepared statement of its financial standing and detailed reasons for its request.

Again a few purchasing and paying requisitions were submitted for sums and items which in the usual course of events would not have been signed by the Central Check or Treasurer and President of the Union without the approval of the Council. But this was allowed to pass as if unobserved because it was feared that friction and unpleasantness might be caused if too sudden a change from the old practice was insisted upon.

The situation has now changed; in the Central Check's books will be found almost any information that may be required for future guidance. We prepared this year small cash books which the Treasurer started and issued to all the organizations of the Union. This was done with the object of encouraging the keeping of books and the establishment of uniformity.

Quite a number of the organizations kept the books properly, but a number either did not keep books at all or at the end of the year made them up from the Central Check's books. But in spite of this there were more and better books kept this year than ever before. The most notable example is the fine system of books the Gateway kept this year as compared to the almost complete absence of books in previous years. It would seem therefore that the criticism that the Central Check system might kill the incentive to keep books is not well taken. It might do so only where the incentive was already on the way to the grave.

The following are a few figures I have taken from the books of the Central Check. They are rather interesting and I would suggest that the new Council appoint a committee this spring to look into them carefully. Were it not for the Central

Check system such figures would not be available.

1. About \$1800 was spent on equipment by our organizations. Of this amount \$480 or over one-fourth, was invested in Rugby equipment.
2. The Union will have paid to the University Printing Office this year about \$2200. This includes the Gateway printing costs.
3. Men's and Women's Athletics paid out in guarantees \$540.
4. Men's and Women's Athletics, the Literary Association, and the Gateway combined, spent about \$200 on decorations awarded to members of the Union for meritorious services.
5. The travelling expenses of our athletic and debating teams this year amounted to \$1330. Of this \$980 was railway fares.
6. Over \$120 was spent on taxis, the Men's Hockey Club being responsible for over one-third of this amount.
7. At least \$320 was spent by the Union organizations on advertising. Hand-painted signs cost about \$120. A sum of about \$140 was spent on newspaper advertising, the Literary Association being responsible for \$110 of it.

My attention was frequently called during the session to the fact that many student organizations never have their books audited, and that in many cases the executives consider their files and records as personal property. Some of these organizations such as the House Committee, Senior Year, Faculty Clubs, etc., handle as much as \$500 of student money. It might be well if the Union were to arrange for audit boards made up of senior Commerce students. Mr. Race, head of the Department of Commerce, and some of the senior students in Commerce I interviewed on the subject, favored the idea and promised their cooperation. The new Council will, I have no doubt, look into the matter.

I would also suggest that the new Treasurer of the Union interview Mr. West as to the possibility of the organizations not affiliated with the Union drawing cheques on their accounts in the Bursar's office.

Taken as a whole, the Union has had a successful year financially. To the Treasurer of the Union goes all the credit for keeping our Treasury in an up-to-date and well-balanced state all the time. Mr. Davies has worked hard all year and given the Union a tremendous amount of time. I cannot speak too highly of his services as Treasurer of the Union, Director of the Year Book, or in the many ways in which he assisted me to carry out my duties. I feel quite certain that under his leadership, 1925-26 will be a banner year for the Union.

THE GATEWAY

The Gateway is one of the best established and best known of the Students' Union organizations. It is widely read in our own University and greatly appreciated. Should it cease to exist the Union would greatly feel its loss and all of us would miss the many and varied benefits we derive from it. In its pages we find a record of our doings, encouragement to carry on with our activities, and a constant effort to mould and guide student opinion. It may be said that in addition to the services it renders as a newspaper, The Gateway serves as a link between the publication of a paper such as our various organizations.

The Gateway is no easy task. It requires ability—natural and acquired—it necessitates constant effort and a tremendous amount of time, it demands independent thought, and it demands well-matured thinking. It is in my opinion, and I speak with a certain amount of experience, the hardest task that is undertaken by any group of students. They have to work practically day in and day out continuously and cheerfully in spite of lack of copy, lack of the expected co-operation, and even in spite of severe criticism, which often is not justifiable. Contrary to most executives, The Gateway staff have to work in the dark, so to speak, while they do their best to direct the attention of the world to the work that is being done by the executives of our various organizations. I take advantage of this opportunity to thank, on behalf of the Union, Mr. Bruce Macdonald and Mr. Wesley Watts and their staffs for their valuable services, and to express to them our appreciation for the improvements they have introduced. These have certainly added to the interest of the publication.

The Business Manager of The Gateway, Mr. E. B. Wilson, has also submitted a report which exemplifies the business-like way in which he has carried on ever since the beginning of his association with The Gateway. I well remember three years ago when, as Editor of The Gateway, I considered myself very fortunate to have secured his services as Assistant Advertising Manager. It is no exaggeration to say that it is largely due to his faithful and untiring services during the past three sessions that at last The Gateway finds itself with a healthy balance after a financial illness lasting for over six years. Heartily congratulations and the thanks of the Union are due Mr. Wilson.

In connection with The Gateway I

VICE-PRESIDENT

The holder of the position of Vice-President of the Students' Union has been practically always a woman student. The main duties of the Vice-President, according to our constitution, are to act as President of the Union and Council in the absence of the President. As this happens only on rare occasions, there is a danger of the position developing into an honorary one.

I would suggest that in future the Vice-President be made responsible to the Council for the Social Directorate, and that she be expected to act as hostess on all occasions when the Union is entertaining visitors, and particularly in the preparation and arrangements for such entertainment.

I would suggest also that the Vice-President keep in close touch with the undergraduate nurses at the University Hospital, and that she make it a point of seeing that they are not neglected by any of our executives. The nurses are full members of the Students' Union, and are therefore entitled to all the privileges that go with such membership. The nature of their work, coupled with the location of the Hospital, entitle them to special consideration.

It would be well if the Vice-President, the Treasurer and the Secretary of the Union were to keep in mind the fact that, unlike the other members of the Council, they do not represent any particular organization. It should be their duty to become well acquainted with all matters coming up for discussion at Union and Council meetings. On them and the President of the Union rests the greater share of the responsibility of safeguarding the general interests of the Union.

should like to make one criticism and two suggestions.

My criticism is that part of the editorial and news staff of The Gateway broke the unwritten tradition not to be actual supporters of one or more candidates at a Students' Union election.

My first suggestion is that it is perhaps inadvisable to comment editorially on a new topic or a subject not generally known without first or concurrently printing in the news columns an unbiased account or statement.

The other suggestion is that it might add to the interest of the paper if one "feature" of purely local interest were prepared and published regularly.

Central Check System

For the first time in its history, the Students' Union this year employed a paid official at a cost of \$300. This official is known as the "Central Check", for lack of a better term.

The Union handles large sums of money every year. This session the income from all sources was about \$14,000. An expenditure of \$300 per session is well warranted if by so doing the administration of our affairs is placed on a business-like basis. Inquiry made last spring and first hand information revealed the appalling fact that no books had been kept by quite a number of our organizations. Certainly there were none to be found. A change to remedy this defect was essential. It is difficult to demand of a Union Executive officer that certain things be done. Obviously, a paid official was the only solution to the problem.

The chief objects to be attained were:

1. To have a central place where detailed information could be secured about the financial standing of any or all of the clubs of the Union from time to time.
2. To keep a complete record of all financial transactions in a form that would prove of value and assistance to future executives.
3. To keep a complete inventory and record of all equipment.
4. To have a check on gate receipts in the interest of all concerned.
5. To insure against the Union or any part of it incurring liabilities which cannot be met.

It was at my suggestion that the Students' Union saw fit to inaugurate last spring the "Central Check" system as an experiment for one year. Having fathered the idea and being responsible for its installation and operation, I feel it my duty to present to you a comprehensive account of the experiment. The scheme was not especially favored by some since it was an innovation and involved the new idea of a paid official. The criticism of the system heard early in the session was partly deserved, but most of it was not well taken, for closer investigation showed that it was founded on statements which were not entirely in accordance with the facts. The criticism, however, made us more careful and perhaps a little more efficient.

The term "Central Check" is somewhat of a misnomer. Indeed, I hasten to state that the holder of the position has no authority whatsoever. He is responsible for carrying out the directions and instructions given him from time to time by the President of the Union on the authority of the Council. He is purely and merely a paid official. He cannot and may not initiate any purchasing or paying requisition. He has not the privilege of refusing to initial a requisition so long as the same has previously been approved by the Council.

At the time of its inauguration last spring, our ideas on the working details of the scheme were rather immature. Consideration of the system last summer and the experience gained this winter make it possible to lay down definitely the principal duties that fall on the shoulders of the Central Check.

I have classified these duties under six heads:

- I. **Equipment.**
 1. Taking over of equipment from previous administration and assuming responsibility for same until turned over to individual clubs.
 2. Responsible that equipment is packed away properly for the summer.
 3. Report as to condition of equipment and especially as to repairs necessary prior to reissue.
 4. To issue equipment to the various club presidents at the opening of their respective activities.
 5. To amend the inventories from time to time during the year as equipment is bought.
 6. Taking in from the presidents of the clubs, at the end of the season's activities, all equipment, and checking the same with the amended inventory mentioned in (5).
 7. To make a report on losses and tear and wear for each club.
- II. **Books.**
 1. To keep a set of books for each and all the organizations of the Students' Union recording:
 1. The financial standing of each organization.
 2. The original budget and subsequent grants and transfers made to the various organizations.
 3. To enter the estimated income and expenditure submitted to and approved by the Council.
 4. To keep a record of all purchasing requisitions issued and to see that the same are in accordance with (8) or subsequent authority of the Council or the President of the Union.
 5. To keep a record of all expenditures.
 6. To keep a record of all receipts.
 7. To keep a record of the equipment bought, with detailed prices.
 8. To keep special records of trips of teams and functions such as the Oxford Debate so that they are available in a convenient form for future reference.
- III. **Purchasing and Paying Requisitions.**
 1. To sign Purchasing Requisition when the organization issuing it has a credit balance and if such requisition is in accordance with the expenditures approved by the Council.
 2. To use his own discretion in cases where Purchasing Requisitions are submitted but are not in accordance with the expenditures approved by the Council. But it should be provided, however, that such a requisition should not exceed the sum of \$10.00, or other similar sum agreed to by the Council.
 3. To initial Paying Requisitions if same are covered by Purchasing Requisition.
- IV. **Tickets and Gate Receipts.**
 1. To order the necessary number of tickets for any function under the Union

in accordance with Purchasing Requisition received from the organization concerned.

2. To issue the tickets, when ready to the organization concerned and secure a receipt for same indicating the number and value of the tickets. If of different denomination, the values to be shown separately.
3. To be present at all Students' Union functions, including banquets at which an admission fee is charged, and to collect the tickets at the door.
4. To collect from the organization concerned the tickets left unsold.
5. To prepare a statement for the Treasurer of the Union showing, for each case:
 - (a) The total number of tickets issued to the organization and their value.
 - (b) The total number of tickets collected at the door and their value.
 - (c) The total number of tickets unsold (returned) and their value.
 - (d) The total number of complimentary tickets issued and their value.
 - (e) The total amount of money to be returned.
- V. **Gateway.**
 1. As for all other organizations, to keep a record of its income and disbursements.
 2. With the issue of each number of the Gateway, to make a record on a special form, of:
 - (a) The total number of inches of reading matter.
 - (b) The total number of inches in cuts.
 - (c) The total number of inches of advertising.
 - (d) The total number of inches by individual advertisements.
 - (e) The total cost per issue.
 - (f) The total income due for advertising per issue.
 - (g) The total net cost of printing over advertising.
 - (h) A summary of the above for each month and at the end of the year.
 3. To make out statements of account, to address and mail or deliver the same, and make collections for the Gateway on special occasions, such as during the examination periods. This work to be done only at the request of the Editor-in-chief and Business Manager of the Gateway, provided the Gateway contributes towards the Central Check's salary. This request to be made to the President of the Union.
- VI. **Other Duties.**
 1. To secure information re railway fares, time tables, etc.
 2. To obtain quotations from various concerns re equipment, etc.

Authority and Instructions.
All instructions to the Central Check should be given by the President of the Union or through the President of the Union.

The Central Check to be responsible to the President of the Union only or to the Treasurer of the Union by special arrangement with the President.

It is true that the Central Check exercises no authority and that he may not deviate from the ordinary routine of his office without first consulting with the President of the Union. At the same time I should like to emphasize that the nature of the work brings him in contact with practically all the officers of the Union and its affiliated organizations. He has to be tactful, always patient, showing good judgment and being careful and guarded in the expressions of opinions or making of statements.

To make sure that the system was given a fair chance to prove itself, an effort was made to secure the cooperation of all. This was at times done at the expense of efficiency—but it was done knowingly.

I would suggest for the future:

1. That the Central Check as such never make statements or express opinions without first consulting with the President of the Union.
2. That he should not take an active part in student activities.
3. That he should attend all meetings of the Council, but only in the capacity of observer and to supply information.
4. That he should have railway time-tables, price lists, etc., on hand.
5. That the Central Check's books be available to members of the Union only on request being granted by the President, Treasurer or Secretary of the Union, and only at a time when the Central Check is not working on them.
6. That all complimentary tickets be marked as such by the executives before issue and that the Central Check keep a record of these.
7. That a request be made that bills against the Union be made out in duplicate, one to go direct to the Central Check and the other in the usual course to the organization concerned.
8. That purchasing and paying requisitions be made in triplicate, with the object of expediting transactions and yet keeping the major organizations informed.
9. That, with the exception of emergency purchases, purchasing requisitions be made out prior to every purchase.

Emergencies are of course not of common occurrence, and the system should be elastic enough to take care of these.

All of our organizations endorse the Central Check system. Only two weeks ago the Students' Council unanimously voted in favor of it. It has more than justified itself, and the benefits to be derived from it have surpassed the expectations of its supporters. Without any hesitation, I heartily recommend that it be made a permanent part of the Union administration.

Men's Athletic Association

Owing to the late hour at which the reports from the various athletic clubs reached me, I regret I am unable to do full justice to them in this report.

Of Dr. Hardy, Hon. President of the Men's Athletic Association, it is difficult to say enough. He has been not only a tower of strength to our Athletic Association, but he has ungrudgingly given of his time to help practically every phase of student activities. He is largely responsible for the high state of efficiency our senior hockey team reached this year. We have in Dr. Hardy a real friend.

As in previous years, Mr. J. Bill has again come to our assistance as rugby and basketball coach. This tireless gentleman is always full of enthusiasm for good sport, and has been injecting the same spirit into our teams for many years past. We are certainly fortunate to have been able to take advantage of his long experience and ability in athletics. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Bill.

The members of the Athletic Association executive, as well as the members of all our teams, are to be congratulated for the splendid way in which they have carried our standard and fought for it on the rugby field, basketball floor, hockey rink, boxing and wrestling rings, swimming pool, tennis courts and track meets.

Mr. F. W. Barclay has been associated with the Athletic Association ever since he entered the University. There is hardly any phase of its activities with which he is not well acquainted. His long experience in student activities has been of great value to his colleagues in the Council. He has piloted efficiently the ship of Men's Athletics, and I am sure we all extend to him our congratulations. My only criticism of him is that he cannot see the wisdom of failing in a few final examinations so he may serve the Union for another year.

In his report the President of Men's Athletics, Mr. F. W. Barclay, states: "That success in athletics is not to be measured by the number of championships won. It is as much a success to lose well, since this should be one of the outstanding characteristics of a good sportsman. The year has been one of building up."

It is quite true that this year we have not won many honors in athletics. We have, however, participated in every kind of sport, and all our organizations have expanded their activities. Undoubtedly we are closing the year with all our clubs supplied with equipment better than ever before. Further, as a result of the building up that went on this season, our teams should make a splendid showing next year.

The Men's Athletic Association is, of course, our greatest spending department. It will, perhaps, be years before it becomes a source of revenue to the Students' Union. But at the same time it may be suggested that the athletic organizations could have been more careful about financial matters. On the whole, their budgets were not as well prepared nor were their books as well kept as by other organizations. With the assistance of the books kept by the Central Check this year there should be no excuse for loose budgeting in the future.

We have made good progress in improving the equipment of our clubs. But there is great room for improvement in the management of the technical work in athletics. We have been paying far too little attention to our junior teams. We do not think of them seriously as centres for the development of material for our senior teams. We depend far too much on the experienced athletes we may or may not find among the Freshman class of each academic year. This system may be likened to a university which neglected its own Freshmen and Sophomores, but concentrated on its students who had completed their junior work at other universities. The quality of the graduating classes in such a university would depend to a large extent on the work done at other institutions. I submit that it would be to our advantage, and certainly to our credit, if we organized some system by which we could keep a constant stream of athletes moving up from junior to senior teams.

RUGBY

Mr. Krause and Mr. M. Gale, President and Manager of the rugby team respectively, looked after the interests of the organization most efficiently. Thanks to their hearty co-operation and the Central Check system all equipment was turned in at the end of the season.

Mr. Krause points out that a good senior team can be had only when the Inter-faculty teams are well developed. He suggests that sufficient equipment be bought to outfit completely two inter-faculty teams in addition to the equipment required for the senior team. Two other recommendations are made by Mr. Krause. One, that no admission fee be charged to inter-faculty games, except, perhaps, in the final series; and, two, that the system of loaning equipment to other clubs be discontinued.

There are a few remarks I should like to make in connection with rugby which apply equally well to a number of athletic clubs. It seems to me that far too much emphasis is placed on equipment. The Rugby Club has been carrying on quite successfully for many years, and yet at no time in its history was it as well supplied with equipment as it was this year. Not less than \$480.00 was spent on equipment this season, and about \$400.00 last season. When the shortness of the season, as well as the extremely limited time available for training prior to the commencement of league games, are taken into consideration, rugby receives more favorable treatment from

the Union treasury than any other activity. I would strongly recommend that more emphasis be placed on the technical side of the game. There seems to be a desire every year to have a senior team of championship calibre. This is a worthy ambition, but perhaps a little too high. How can we possibly expect to realize such an ambition when we remember that the rugby season is extremely short, that rugby is not generally played in the high schools of the province, and that the number of experienced rugby players in an average Freshman class is limited? Is it not possible that our ambition would come to closer realization if we were to pay more attention to inter-faculty teams with the chief objects of stimulating interest in the game and developing players for the senior team? By paying more attention to inter-faculty rugby the future of the senior team will be ensured. I would suggest that for a while, at least, say a year or two, we place the best technical assistance we have at the disposal of the inter-faculty teams. Let us establish a system of building up material rather than depend almost entirely on mature material we may get from outside sources. During the past four or five years the inter-faculty teams have had to fight hard to get a share of the available equipment, and to my knowledge they have received little or no technical assistance. To be a little more specific: I would suggest that Mr. Bill be requested to coach the inter-faculty teams, paying special attention to probable good material for the senior team.

HOCKEY

In his report Mr. MacMillan, President of the Hockey Club, refers to the difficulties he encountered in trying to secure a sheet of ice for his team to practise on. In this connection, he remarks:

"It is at such a time as this that the necessity of having a covered rink of our own is seen. More practices could then be held, and our revenue from games would be greater. Given proper facilities a team such as our senior team of this year could be developed into Allan Cup calibre in a few seasons. It will be impossible for the Hockey Club to achieve distinction and excellence without a Varsity rink."

Inter-Faculty Hockey

There being no rink on the campus this year, the Inter-faculty Hockey was in a rather difficult position. Mr. Terence Agnew, Chairman of the League, had no place on which his teams could practice or play games. The Students' Council made a special money grant to the League to enable them to arrange for the use of the South Side covered rink three hours a week.

BASKETBALL

The remarks I ventured to make with reference to the coaching and training of junior rugby teams apply with equal force to basketball. This year the senior basketball team found itself without the services of four or five of its best players of the previous year. I am inclined to think that not enough attention is paid to the junior teams as training centers for the senior team. Some arrangements by which the valuable services of Mr. Bill as coach could be diverted in part from the senior to the junior teams might prove a solution of the difficulty.

WOMEN'S ATHLETICS

The Women's Athletic Association is gradually developing from a minor to a major organization in the Union. This is due in part to the arrangements which have been made for inter-university, inter-faculty and other competitions in girls' athletics, and to the efficient work of the various executives. Miss Beth Caswell, President of the Association, has certainly worked conscientiously throughout the season. She and the executive are to be congratulated for having this year expanded the field of action of their organization, and for placing it on a sound business-like basis. The following summary of Miss Caswell's report is an indication of her efficiency and grasp of the work of the organization she headed:

The Women's Athletic Association presented to the Council last fall a "minutely detailed account" of their probable expenditure for the year's work.

The other major organizations of the Union, Miss Caswell points out, did not submit similar estimates with the result that all organizations, regardless of their claims to exception, were forced to submit to a 25 per cent. cut. This would have caused a tremendous inconvenience to her organization were it not for the fact that the Council later on allowed her an additional grant of about \$200.00.

FRESHMAN CLASS

Practically the first duty I had to attend to on taking office as President of the Union last spring was to find ways and means for the Freshman Year to meet their financial obligations. Their books showed a deficit of \$60.00. To insure against a similar occurrence this spring I called the Freshmen together last fall, and suggested to them the paying of class fees then to the Treasurer of the Union. The money was to be turned over to the Freshman Year Executive, which is usually elected in January. This was carried out to the satisfaction of all concerned. The Freshmen closed their books this year with a good balance to their credit. Mr. Piper, President of the Class, states in his report that the early collection of fees relieved his executive of much worry and anxiety, and recommends that the same thing be done every year.

COVERED RINK

On several occasions this session the covered rink was fully discussed at Students' Union meetings. The advisability of having a covered rink on the campus is unquestionable. The need for such a building is felt for four and one-half months of each academic year. The result of our discussions may be summarized in one word—Action. The Union can now conclude its year's work with the feeling of having decided to act immediately in what we consider is in the best interests of the University and the students. Our action means that the students are willing to play a small but nevertheless tangible part in the development of our Alma Mater.

The President of the University and the Board of Governors look with favor on the scheme, and will, I have no doubt, do everything possible to further it. The members of the Union and the executives of our organizations are prepared to give of their time and energy until the covered rink becomes a reality.

Out of this year's Students' Union surplus the sum of \$600.00 is earmarked for the Rink Fund. After all collections have been made, it is hoped that \$100.00 from The Gateway and \$75.00 from the Year Book will be set aside for the same purpose.

The total amount in the Fund at the beginning of next session should be in the neighborhood of \$1,000.00.

SOCIAL DIRECTORATE

For the first time in the history of the Students' Union a Social Directorate of a temporary nature was inaugurated this session.

After a more or less thorough discussion by the Students' Council in the spring of 1924, it was agreed that a Social Directorate, consisting of students, was desirable.

The Students' Council did not deem it wise to allot the Directorate any share in the budget at the beginning of the session. The expenses for entertainment were to be borne by the organizations concerned.

The Council appointed members of the Directorate, Miss Helen Manning, Mr. Charles Richert and Mr. James Brunton, the last mentioned to act as chairman.

In spite of many difficulties, some of which will be mentioned below, the Social Directorate performed its function fairly efficiently and the managers of our organizations appreciated the assistance they received from it on the various occasions when it was their privilege to entertain visiting teams. I must hasten to inform you, however, that by the end of October Mr. Brunton had sent in his resignation as chairman and member of the Directorate. His main reason was, I believe, that he did not receive the hearty co-operation he expected from certain sources. Mr. Richert, although he never resigned, was not an active member of the committee. You will observe, then, that for the greater part of the session Miss Manning was the sole member of the Directorate—that is, she was three in one. She carried on in her usual calm, efficient and willing manner without a word of complaint. Our thanks are due to the two men members of the Directorate for their services during the first part of October; but it is to Miss Helen Manning in particular that I extend on behalf of the Union very hearty thanks and congratulations for her ability in securing the co-operation of so many of her fellow-students.

The members of the Social Directorate, that is—Miss Manning, has three criticisms to offer: That on several occasions the Directorate was not informed early enough of the date of arrival of the visiting teams, that some of our organizations made certain arrangements without consulting the Directorate, and that there were too few in the Directorate.

The Social Directorate is one of the most important committees we have. The favorable or unfavorable impressions of our University that visitors carry away with them may largely depend on the efficiency or inefficiency with which the Directorate performs its duties.

I wish to make the following recommendation as a result of my observation this year in connection with the Social Directorate:

That the Council should look with disfavor on any student who resigns an office to accept another, unless the Council or the Union think that a mistake was made in his appointment to the first position, or that he will be of greater service in the second office.

HAS DONE GOOD WORK



F. W. BARCLAY
President of Athletics

Literary Association

The executive of the Literary Association, of which Mr. W. Herbert is the President and Mr. C. S. Campbell, the secretary, are to be congratulated on the splendid innovations added to the programme of activity.

The Literary Association proper report on their year's activities as follows:

The noted Danish violinist, Skovgaard, was brought to Convocation Hall. This event was well supported, and proved quite popular with the student body.

On March 18th a "Lit Night", consisting of a musical evening, brought to a close the Students' Union election campaign. The programme, made up of numbers by the Glee Club and Orchestra, proved most enjoyable to one of the largest audiences that have ever attended a Lit. Night.

As in past year, the Literary Association co-operated with the Department of Extension in arranging the Provincial High School Debating finals.

The recommendations of the Literary Association are:

That future Literary Association executives may render a service by bringing to the University from time to time outside artists of merit.

That the big play by the Dramatic Society should be staged on one night only.

To the above suggestions I add: That after the Students' Union general elections a meeting of the Literary Association be held—similar to that of the Athletic Association—at which the executives of all its affiliated clubs are elected.

That the Literary Association hold an annual banquet towards the end of the session similar to that held by the Athletic Association. This banquet to include The Gateway and Year Book organizations. At this banquet all decorations awarded by the Literary Association, its affiliated clubs and The Gateway to be presented. The Literary Association to extend an invitation to an Athletic Association representative, who would propose the toast to the Literary Association, the Athletic Association to reciprocate. This may tend to bring a better understanding between the two chief departments of the Students' Union.

That the Literary Association executive must be more than a figurehead. It must exercise a greater control over the policy and finances of its affiliated clubs. This year one of the clubs incurred liabilities up to and exceeding \$50.00 without first securing the consent of the major organization. This is detrimental to the best interests of the Union.

Dramatic Society

It is hardly necessary to outline in a report such as this the valuable and important part the Dramatic Society plays in the student activities of the University of Alberta. Its history is as old as the Union and is therefore well known to all of us. Besides encouraging the study and appreciation of the drama through a few well-chosen and prepared "readings", the society aims at the development of dramatic art among the students by the presentation of four one-act plays early in the session and one big play during the second term.

Mr. L. D. Hyndman, President of the Society, submitted one of the few full reports that were received this year. He reviews the year's activities, dwells on the difficulties which had to be overcome, mentions the policy adopted and makes suggestions and recommendations for the future.

First of all, on behalf of the Students' Union I join the executive of the Literary Association in acknowledging with thanks the kind services and loyal assistance rendered the Dramatic Society by Professor James Adam, and I congratulate Mr. Hyndman and his able associates as well as the actors and actresses of the various dramatic productions for their splendid work during the year.

Professor Adam is not only interested in dramatic work, and always willing to help the Dramatic Society, but he is perhaps the only one on the campus who in addition to his experience in the direction of plays has the necessary ability to plan, design and actually prepare stage costumes and scenery. His services are indeed invaluable. But we must be careful not to overload a willing horse. This brings me to my first criticism of the Dramatic Society.

In the past most of the responsibility and hardest work in the Dramatic Society seemed to fall on the shoulders of the Honorary President. I do not quite know where to look for the origin of this unprecedented custom, but the result has been that last October the Dramatic Society had great difficulty in finding any one who was willing to accept the so-called honorary position of Honorary President. Indeed, although not part of my duties, I went to see Professor Adam myself. I explained that we would consider ourselves fortunate if he would accept the Honorary Presidency of the Dramatic Society, and that as holder of that position he would act in an advisory capacity only. Should the Dramatic Society, later on, wish to secure his services as director of the big play, they would request him to do so not as their Honorary President, he would be free to accede to the request or refuse to consider it.

Another criticism I wish to make is with reference to the tendency in the past—although not to the same extent this session—the tendency for the Dramatic Society to follow a course independent of the rest of the Students' Union except perhaps at the time of the year when the budget is being prepared.

A third observation is that during the preceding three sessions the Dramatic Society cannot boast of even a really good audience at its big plays, let alone a full house, and this in spite of the fact that in the spring of 1923 "Dear Brutus" was produced—one of the best plays the Dramatic Society has ever undertaken. It may be advisable to drop the idea of producing the play on two successive nights—at least for one year.

Contrary to all precedent in other student organizations, the Dramatic Society pays students who assist behind the curtain. This is only a small item of expenditure, but it is with the principle that I disagree. There are many other students whose services are as valuable, but are not recognized in this fashion. Further, I happen to know that one of the stage hands this year was surprised to receive a cheque, and was not particularly pleased to get it.

I have therefore the following suggestions to make: That the executive of the Dramatic Society keep in mind the fact that the Honorary President of any Students' Union organization acts only in an advisory capacity unless he especially wishes to act in any other capacity.

That the Dramatic Society is a Students' Union organization, and therefore every student a member of it; elections should be held in accordance with the suggestions made in this report under the heading Literary Association.

That no annual Dramatic Society banquet be held. That the big play be produced in Convocation Hall only one night for various reasons, the chief of which is that it is, in my opinion, far better to play one night to one good warm house instead of two nights—the first night to a diminutive and cold audience, and the second night to an audience only fairly good in numbers with the risk of a chilly atmosphere. A dress rehearsal at which the returned men from the University Hospital are invited free of charge may overcome one of the difficulties mentioned by Mr. Hyndman. Further, the danger of the public not supporting the second performance is as great as the possibility that they may turn out to it in large numbers.

That the expenditures of the Dramatic Society be limited—(a) To the estimated budget submitted by it at the beginning of the session; and (b) To twenty per cent. of its surplus at the end of the season's activities, provided the Literary Association executive in session pass on such expenditure.

That the Dramatic Society and Literary Association consider carefully the advisability and possibility of producing the big play in some of the towns near Edmonton, either during the Christmas holidays or during the first two or three weeks after the spring examinations. The reasons for such a suggestion are: (a) To bring the University before the public in some Literary Association activity as well as in Athletic contests; and (b) To take good dramatic plays to communities that normally have no opportunities of enjoying good productions.

The findings of the Literary Association in this matter should be submitted to the Council and the Committee on Student Affairs for final decision. That if the suggestion is considered favorably no one be allowed to take part in the play except those who are willing to sacrifice their Christmas holidays or a part of the month of May.

BURSAR'S OFFICE

I would be failing in my duty were I to turn over the reins of office without telling this meeting of the great amount of work done for us in the Bursar's office. Hardly a day passes but what some member of your executive goes up for some information, suggestion, advice or request. Every cheque issued by the Union is made out in Mr. West's office, and forwarded to its destination. You can well imagine that this is no small task since our turnover is so large. A record of all cheques issued as well as of all our accounts is kept by the Bursar. He does all the banking for us. For the convenience of students, many private accounts are opened every year, in addition to the accounts kept for Faculty and Year Organizations. Excluding the Union funds, between \$80,000 and \$90,000 a year is handled for the students in the Bursar's office.

To Mr. West we are greatly indebted. He is always ready to help us, and indeed is continuously helping us. The splendid system of books kept by The Gateway this year; The Gateway records kept by the Central Check were suggested and actually started by Mr. West himself. He kindly consents to audit our books and helps our Treasurer prepare his financial statement. In the last week he has spent two or three long evenings in his office working on our books. Whether we try to measure the assistance Mr. West gives us in money, convenience or kindness, our debt to him is a great one.

The Union is thankful to him for the many services he has been rendering us for many years. Personally, I wish to express publicly my sincere thanks to him for the courtesy and kindness he has always shown me.

Miss Talbot, Mr. West's secretary, and Miss Helen Edwards, have also given us much assistance, and I wish to express to them the Union's appreciation of their services.

VARSITY ORCHESTRA

On several occasions during the session we listened with pleasure to the University Concert Orchestra. The evenings on which they appeared before the public would not have been as successful and enjoyable had the Orchestra not been there to assist in the programme. Mr. C. Richert and his executive, as well as the members of the Orchestra, are to be congratulated for the high state of efficiency the Orchestra reached this year. But in particular we ought to congratulate and also express our heartfelt appreciation and thanks to Mrs. Carmichael for the unselfish and enthusiastic way in which she has so kindly given of her time and energy. The success of the Orchestra is due to her fine qualities of conductorship and to her valuable services. I should also like to bring to your attention the continued interest in the Orchestra shown by Miss Gretta Simpson, who graduated last year from the University of Alberta. To Miss Simpson, as well as to the "overtown" members of the Orchestra we extend our thanks.

The President of the Orchestra reports that during the session the Orchestra gave seven public performances—two in the Red Cross Hut at the University Hospital and five in Convocation Hall.

He suggests that there should be close co-operation between the Orchestra and the Glee Club and that the student body as a whole should show a greater interest in the Orchestra and that the conductor especially should receive more public recognition from the students.

Personally, I agree with the suggestions, but I should like to point out that the executive of the Orchestra is perhaps a little at fault.

Only once during the past five years a motion was introduced at a Students' Union meeting directing that a letter of thanks be sent to the conductor of the Orchestra, who at that time was Mr. V. Barford. The mover of that motion was not a member of the Orchestra or the executive, but the writer of this report. In my opinion it is the duty of all executives to bring to the notice of the members of the Union the services they wish to have recognized. Further, the executive of the Orchestra this year decided to recognize the services of their conductor with a presentation. Is it possible that the recipient of such a presentation would have appreciated it more had the Orchestra executive consulted the Literary Association executive and the Students' Union before it took any action? I believe the answer is in the affirmative, for the presentation would have been made on behalf of the Council, representative of the student body, as well as on behalf of the Orchestra itself. Incidentally it would have been more constitutional to do so.

The same remarks apply equally well to the Glee Club.

GLEE CLUB

"This year," the report from Mr. C. K. Johns, the President of the Glee Club, reads, "we were very fortunate in again obtaining the services of Mr. L. H. Nichols as leader, and thus were able to carry on the good work commenced the previous session. Regular weekly practices were held, commencing early in October, and continued on until the 23rd of March, when the activities of the Club were rounded off for the season by putting on a programme to be broadcasted by the Edmonton Journal."

It is impossible to emphasize sufficiently the great amount of time and energy Mr. Nichols devoted to this work. The Glee Club owes its existence to him. He reawakened it from a prolonged sleep lasting over a period of years. This is only one of the many ways in which Mr. Nichols shows his interest in the student body, and his willingness to help us. The Students' Union appreciates his services and extends to him hearty and sincere thanks.

DEBATING SOCIETY

We are glad of the fine showing made by the Debating Society this year, and much of the credit for the increasing interest in debating is due to the energy and effort of Mr. C. K. Johns, the President of the Society, and the other members of the executive.

The Debating Society is under a great debt of gratitude to Professors MacDonald, Alexander, Hardy, Burt, Broadus, Gordon, Long, MacGibbon, and Messrs. Cameron and Drummond, and to many other members of the University staff for their ready and sympathetic assistance. The Students' Union joins the Debating Society executive in expressing its appreciation of the valuable help of these gentlemen.

The most outstanding event was, of course, the debate with the representatives of Oxford. The debate was held in the Empire Theatre, the auditorium being filled to its fullest capacity. It is perhaps safe to say that the Students' Union have never before brought the University to the attention of the citizens of Edmonton as well as on this occasion. The debate was looked upon as one of the important public events of the year in Edmonton. The Union was ably represented by Messrs. George Bryan, Joseph O'Brien and James Mahaffy. Much of the credit for the successful management of this big function is due to Mr. C. S. Campbell, the secretary of the Literary Association.

EARLY ALLOCATION RESIDENCE ROOMS

Deposits Must Be In By Sept. 5
—Rooms in Great Demand

That residence accommodation will be utilized to the fullest extent next year, as a consequence of the reduction in board and the preferential treatment to be accorded resident students by the University, is the opinion expressed by the new chairman of the House Committee, Bruce Macdonald. Rooms have already been assigned to those "living in" this year, so that in case of a shortage of rooms they may be provided for.

Applications forms were filled out before the end of the term by those desiring accommodation in Athabasca and Assiniboia Halls, and a provisional allotment has now been made. In an interview with The Gateway, Mr. Macdonald pointed out that the allotment thus made, however, is provisional upon the applicant forwarding a deposit of \$12 to the Bursar of the University on or before September 5th, when the rooms will be definitely reserved for those who have forwarded deposits. It will be presumed that those who have not sent in their deposits by that date do not desire rooms, and the rooms reserved for them will be immediately given out to others included in the provisional allotment who have sent in deposits and had applied for these rooms, but were unable to obtain them before. All remaining rooms will then be reserved, regardless of previous allotment, for other applicants who will be considered in order of application with deposit. As this plan has been agreed upon with the University authorities, and will be strictly adhered to, it is important that deposits be sent in on time.

Mr. Macdonald has found it a very difficult task to allot the rooms to everyone's satisfaction, having in mind at the same time the best interests of the whole resident body, as so many have applied for the same rooms. The injunction of the House Committee to show preference to Seniors in every case, and to those applying for their old rooms, has been faithfully carried out, and where it was absolutely impossible to choose between students of equal standing, tossing a coin has been the usual method adopted to solve the difficulty. While the assignment made must be considered as final, necessary changes may be made throughout the year at the discretion of the House Committee.

As a consequence of the reduction in the board and room to \$37, and the further concessions to resident students recently decided upon by the Board of Governors, it is anticipated that rooms in residence will be at a premium next year. Early application by new students for accommodation is therefore imperative.

The new House Committee which was elected during the latter part of March consists of: Bruce Macdonald, chairman; Bill Mueller, secretary-treasurer; Walter Herbert and "Aubs" McMillan.

INTERNATIONAL DEBATE POSTPONED

Will Take Place in February Instead of October—Alberta Picks Strong Team

News that the next Imperial debate has been postponed from Oct. 8, 1925 to February, 1926, came like a bolt from the blue, several weeks ago, to the many students who were looking forward to enjoying this debate.

The British team, which has already been chosen, is composed of one representative from each of Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh and Dublin Universities. They will probably somewhat of the same type of men and debaters that delighted the huge crowd at the Oxford-Alberta debate last year. Alberta's debaters were chosen by a group of competent judges at an excellent try-out held before the close of the term, when seventeen of the University's best debaters tried out for the honour. They are Walter Herbert, twice president of the Literary Association; Editor-elect of The Gateway, and prominent in the Students' Parliament and the debating society, Clarence Campbell, president-elect of the Literary Association, inter-university debater, manager of the last Oxford Debate, Premier Students' Parliament, etc.; Jimmy Manson, a dark-horse, who fought his way to fame and fortune this year by helping win three debates and the inter-faculty championship for the Argies. In case of either of these being unable to speak, two extremely capable substitutes will be ready to jump into the breach, these being Percy Davies, president-elect of the Students' Union, and Don MacKenzie, a born inter-variety debater and provincial debating champion while at High School.

The subject of the debate will be announced later.

LAW CLUB ELECTIONS

The Law Club elections, which were held shortly before lectures closed for the year, resulted in the following being elected to the executive for 1925-26: President, Bruce Macdonald (by acclamation); Vice-President, W. B. Cromarty; Secretary, Miss Mildred Hamon; Treasurer, K. R. (Col.) Jamieson.

Survey shows many Student Executives for 1925-26

No Less Than 22 Organizations, With 145 Executive Officers, Are Operating Under Students' Union

With a view to providing some source of reference to the various clubs organized among the students of the university, the Gateway recently undertook a survey of these various organizations.

The task proved larger than at first anticipated. The results of the survey are given below. Twenty-two different, separate and distinct student organizations will claim 145 students for executive positions next term. This is not as astounding as it appears, since many students will fill two, three or even four positions at the same time. On the other hand the figures given above exclude those organizations which either are not prepared to announce their executives this spring or are mentioned elsewhere on this page.

Anyway, here they are:

STUDENTS' COUNCIL

President—Percy Davies.
Vice-President—Marjorie Sherlock.
Secretary—Bob Mitchell.
Treasurer—Ernie Wilson.
Pres. Lit. Assoc.—Clarence Campbell.

Sec. Lit. Assoc.—Helen McQueen.
Pres. Wauneitas—Bertha McCallum.
Sec. Wauneitas—Betty Lynch-Staunton.

Pres. Men's Athletics—Cliff Osterland.
Sec. Men's Athletics—Aubs McMillan.

Pres. Women's Athletics—Dorothy McNicholl.

Sec. Women's Athletics—Jean Folkins.
Editor Gateway—Walter Herbert.
Bus. Manager Gateway—Stan Ross.

Repres. Men's Athletics—Harold Ferguson.
Repres. Men's Athletics—Keith Muir.
Repres. Lit. Assoc.—To be appointed in Fall.

Repres. Lit. Assoc.—To be appointed in Fall.

MEN'S ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

President—Cliff Osterland.

Vice-Pres.—Harold Ferguson.

Secretary—Aubrey McMillan.

Pres. Rugby—Mel Gale.

Pres. Track—Aubrey Bright.

Pres. Basketball—Keith Muir.

Pres. Hockey—Bill Whittaker.

Pres. Soccer—Bob Brynildsen.

Pres. Baseball—Len Cockle.

Pres. Bobinx—Stan Barker.

Pres. Swimming—Charlie Waldo.

Pres. Tennis—Jack Gerrie.

Chairman Inter-Faculty Hockey—Jack Hunter.

Chairman House League Basketball—Baden Powell.

ARTS AFFECTED BY NEW REGULATIONS

Honors Requirements May Be Raised—Rulings on Languages Modified

The Council of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences has made several important recommendations to the University Senate, the general aim of all being a stiffening of the standard of work.

In future, students will probably have to secure second class standing in four out of their eight senior courses, and second class standing in a language course.

The Honours course has been raised from four to five years. Moreover, students entering the second year with Grade XII, but with no languages, shall be required to spend four years at the University in order to obtain a degree.

The recommendations, in full, of the Council of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences to the University Senate are as follows:

(1) That, with a view to the stiffening of the standard of work, four out of the necessary eight Senior courses, be passed with a mark of not less than 65 per cent.

(2) That admission to Honours courses be raised from Junior to Senior Matriculation or First Year Arts, this regulation to be noted as coming into effect in the autumn of 1926.

That the passing mark for the A languages courses (including Greek 1-3) be raised to 65 per cent.

Owing to the fact that many students with Grade XII, but having no languages, enter the University in the second year, they have four courses to do in addition to the ordinary requirements for the Bachelor's degree. This situation has caused a good deal of difficulty in the past. Should a failure occur in one of these courses, a fourth year student may find himself with a first year course on his hands. In order to eliminate any inequalities and embarrassment arising from this cause, the Council of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences has recommended to the Senate the adoption of the following provisions:

1. That students entering the second year with Grade XII but with no languages, shall be required to spend four years at the University in order to obtain a degree, that is, their first two years at the University must be spent in doing first and second year only.

2. That students who enter with Grade XII, but deficient in one language, shall not be allowed to enter the third year with an A language course unpassed.

3. That students who enter with Grade XII but with deficiencies, or conditions, shall not be allowed to enter the second year with a matriculation condition or deficiency.

WOMEN'S ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

President—Dorothy McNicholl.
Vice-Pres.—Margaret Cooper.
Secretary—Jean Folkins.
Pres. Hockey—To be appointed.
Pres. Basketball—To be appointed.
1st Year Rep.—To be elected.

WAUNEITA SOCIETY

President—Bertha McCallum.
Vice-Pres.—Maude Walsh.
Secretary—Betty Lynch-Staunton.
Year Representatives—To be elected.

WAUNEITA COUNCIL

To be appointed.

LITERARY ASSOCIATION

President—Clarence Campbell.
Vice-Pres.—To be appointed.
Secretary—Helen McQueen.
Senior Rep.—To be appointed.
Junior Rep.—To be appointed.
Pres. Debating—Don Ramsay.
Pres. Dramatics—Bob Langston.
Pres. Glee Club—Mel Gale.
Pres. Orchestra—To be elected.

DEBATING SOCIETY

President—Don Ramsay.
Vice-Pres.—Marilda Clermont.
Recording Secretary—Harold Phillips.
Corresponding Secretary—Max Wereshof.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

President—Bob Langston.
Vice-Pres.—Grace Atkinson.
Secretary—Sada Kitley.
Treasurer—Roland Clarke.

ORCHESTRA

Executive to be elected.

GLEE CLUB

President—Mel Gale.
Sec. Treas.—Frank Newson.
Executive—Johnny McGregor.
Executive—J. Anderson.

STUDENTS' COURT

Chief Justice—John Gault.
Sheriff—Walter Salnes.
Puisne Judges—To be appointed.
Prosecutor and Clerk—To be appointed.

MEN'S HOUSE COMMITTEE

Chairman—Bruce Macdonald.
Bill Mueller.
Aubs. McMillan.
Walter Herbert.

WOMEN'S HOUSE COMMITTEE

Chairman—Louise Patterson.
Helen Manning.
Margaret Cooper.
Winnie Moyle.

AG CLUB

President—Cliff Asplund.
Vice-Pres.—Jim Manson.
Sec. Treas.—Bill Harper.

4th Year Rep.—W. J. Thomson.

3rd Year Rep.—Jack Hunter.

2nd Year Rep.—H. A. McGregor.

ARTS CLUB

President—Morty Watts.

Vice-Pres.—Grace Atkinson.

Sec. Treas.—Wes Oke.

4th Year Rep.—Fred Irwin.

3rd Year Rep.—Frances Shillington.

2nd Year Rep.—Bill Hobbs.

1st Year Rep.—To be appointed.

Press Rep.—Don MacKenzie.

COMMERCE CLUB

President—Ross Henderson.

Vice-Pres.—Margaret Cooper.

Sec. Treas.—Ian Macdonald.

2nd Year Rep.—Don Lundy.

Press Rep.—Stan Barker.

ENGINEERING STUDENTS' SOCIETY

President—Harold Ferguson.

Vice-Pres.—Jack Bockoc.

Sec. Treas.—Frank Patterson.

5th Year Rep.—Keith Muir.

4th Year Rep.—To be elected.

3rd Year Rep.—Nick Melnyk.

2nd Year Rep.—Bill Atwell.

Press Rep.—Frank Kunst.

LAW CLUB

President—Bruce Macdonald.

Vice-Pres.—Bill Cromarty.

Secretary—Mildred Hamon.

Treasurer—Kenneth Jamieson.

PHARMACY CLUB

President—Bert Groves.

Vice-Pres.—Jan Auger.

Sec. Treas.—A. E. Gerhart.

Athletics—Viv Leech.

MED CLUB

President—Tom Michie.

Vice-Pres.—George Haworth.

Secretary—Barney Malo.

Treasurer—Len Cockle.

6th Year Rep.—Beth Caswell.

5th Year Rep.—P. H. Sprague.

4th Year Rep.—H. Begg.

3rd Year Rep.—A. J. Wright.

2nd Year Rep.—A. E. Dunn.

All Class executives to be elected in Fall.

PRESS CLUB

President—Geoffrey Hewelcke.

Vice-Pres.—Ernie Wilson.

Sec. Treas.—Wes Oke.

Executive—Dorothy Hartshorn.

Executive—Rache Dickson.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

President—Professor Pelluet.

Vice-Pres.—Gwen Tobey.

Secretary—Gwen Little.

Treasurer—Shirley Macdonald.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY

Executive to be elected in Fall.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY

To be elected.

MINING AND GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

President—G. Knighton.

Secretary—To be elected.

SITES PROPOSED FOR COVERED RINK

Covered Rink Committee Also Suggest Plans For Raising Money

The covered rink committee held their first meeting at Dr. Tory's residence, and discussed where the rink should be placed on the University plans, and ways and means of raising the necessary funds with which to construct the building.

The meeting appointed a committee to report on a suitable location for the proposed rink. Two locations were discussed, one of which lies at the rear of the Residences, and the other, which was most favored, at the juncture of 112th Street and 87th Avenue.

A finance committee, consisting of Dr. Hardy, Percy Davies and Mr. West, was appointed to investigate different methods by which the necessary money could be raised. It was suggested that the committees in control of the major dances for next year should include an item of expenditure in their estimates which sum should go to the covered rink fund; and that the surpluses of the senior year, and the House Committee, and the revenue derived from the forthcoming Oxford debate, might be diverted towards helping the rink along. This last item, that of the money secured from the debate, would amount to a considerable sum, next year, as it is proposed that the debate would be put on in Calgary as well as in Edmonton.

Communications with donations were received from the Freshman Class, the Med Club, the Senior Class and the Science Club, and these organizations expressed themselves very strongly in favor of a covered rink, and will do everything in their power to further the project.

From the interest that has been already shown by the student body as a whole, and the special enthusiasm on the part of many of the student organizations so early in the campaign, the covered rink committee is very optimistic regarding the prospect of having a covered rink on the University Campus by 1927 which will be a credit and a real asset to the University.

The appointment of a man to fill the position of Central Check for next year was one of the important matters of business attended to by the new Students' Council this spring.

A committee of the Council advertised the position and received six different applications from students in six different faculties. This committee considered the applications carefully, and recommended to the Council that Mr. Rod Adams be appointed to the post. The Council accepted the report of the committee, and Mr. Adams was duly appointed.

In the discussion of the various applicants, the committee was largely guided by the suggestions made in the report of Mr. Cormack, whose term of office as Central Check has just expired. The amount of time which the student's course would permit him to devote to the position was the first consideration, for experience of the past year has shown that the office requires constant and systematic attention. The second consideration was the applicant's acquaintance with student affairs at the University. As the Central Check has to deal with every branch of the Students' Union, it was felt that this was a most important factor.

Bookkeeping experience and salary were all taken into consideration. After a long session the committee finally decided that Mr. Adams was the best qualified to fill the office. The salary decided upon was the same as in the past year.

ADAMS APPOINTED A CENTRAL CHECK

Council Makes Grant to Track Club—Handbook to Be Published

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In view of the fact that the rugby and track seasons will be started very early next fall, the President of the Men's Athletic Association made an application to the Council at its last meeting for advance guarantees to cover initial expenses. The Rugby Club was provided with a sufficient guarantee to purchase equipment for the opening of the season, and the Track Club was guaranteed its expenses for a trip to Manitoba, where the next inter-variety meet is to be held on October 17th.

The subject of a U. of A. Handbook was also discussed, and a committee appointed to look into it during the summer. It was decided to publish a small handbook containing the students' constitution, Varsity yell and songs, general information about the University, and blank diary pages. Mr. Mack Marshall was appointed to look into the matter of song and yell organization, in conjunction with the Rooters' Club.

GRADUATES GET GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE

(Continued from Page 1)

greatness of their Alma Mater, with the spirit of the Green and Gold, for in such wise will their University grow in power and influence throughout the land.

Then, to our advice, let us add a word of encouragement. The way will not be easy nor the burden light. Mistakes in diagnosis, disappointments in results, misunderstandings with fellow-practitioners, criticisms by the laity, and unpaid accounts will all lend their quota of discouragement at times amounting almost to despair.

A night's refreshing sleep, an occasional dimensional

cheque, a cheery smile from the sweet companion, will bring fresh energy and new determination to bear upon the crisis.

So wonderfully human, so majestically altruistic is our daily task that naught else matters. Let our young hopefuls take heed of the fine traditions that they would perpetuate in the annals of Medicine. Let them know and understand the responsibilities that await them in this momentous hour, and we will bestow upon them with their parchment and their hood, a mountaineer's philosophy that rises far above the solid plains of gold and dross to the highest and noblest peaks of humanity.

PLANS FOR SUMMER SESSION COMPLETE

Session Opens July 6 and Closes August 15—Courses Given Under Arts Faculty

The University Summer Session offers an attractive opportunity for Undergraduates to clear up past deficiencies and for teachers to improve their educational equipment. The 1925 session opens Monday, July 6, and closes Saturday, August 15. The School is under the supervision of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, and the tuition is given along precisely the same lines as during the regular University session. Of course, the shortness of the term makes intensive study a necessity, but the pleasant weather enables students to secure adequate out-door recreation during their stay here.

The Provincial Summer School for Teachers meets concurrently with the University Summer School. Not only does this widen the scope of available courses to include Matriculation and teachers' professional training, but it is tremendously enjoyable. Tennis, soccer, base-ball, golf, basketball, bowling, swimming, hiking, and dancing all add to the enjoyment of the six-weeks' term.

Because of the large attendance at the combined schools, rooms in the residences are at a premium, and those who are considering enrolling should lose no time in applying for particulars to Mr. C. E. Race, the Registrar of the University.

The following courses, leading to the degrees of B.A., B.Sc., in Arts, M.A., etc., will be given at the 1925 session:

Chemistry 1; English 2; French 1-3, 5-4; Greek 1-3; History 2 or 5-8; Latin 1 and 3; Mathematics 1, 7 (Pt. II), 53, 62, 110; Physics 1, 7 (Pt. II), 53 (Pt. II), 55 (Pt. II), 104 (Pt. II), 105 (Pt. II).

The authorities will endeavor to supply any additional course in which the enrollment exceeds five.

TWO SCHOLARSHIP AWARDS FOR 1925

I.O.D.E. and Rhodes Scholarships Will Be Open to Alberta Candidates

Two important scholarships will be open for competition among Alberta students next term—the Rhodes Scholarship and the I.O.D.E. Scholarship. Both of these are very attractive and though it is still early, there are rumors of several possible competitors for each award. The I.O.D.E. scholarship, amounting to \$1,400, entitles the holder to one year's study in any University of Great Britain on stipulated subjects. The Rhodes Scholarship awards the successful candidate \$350 a year and entitles him to 3 years attendance at Oxford.

The Rhodes Scholarship was given by Cecil Rhodes for the first time in 1903, for the purpose of bringing together men from all parts of the English-speaking world for the advancement of higher learning, and for the decreasing of tendencies towards sectionalism. These men, it was intended, should be men of all-round ability, but it is definitely laid down that no quality of qualities in a candidate shall compensate for lack of scholarship. Persons eligible for candidature are all men who before the 1st of October, 1926, have reached their nineteenth, but not passed their twenty-fifth birthday and who have completed their Sophomore year. The man receiving this scholarship is indeed fortunate, since he not only has opportunities for travel on the continent, but is enabled to receive a liberal education which fits him for the pursuit of any type of academic or business life. Application blanks for the Rhodes Scholarship may be obtained from Mr. D. S. McKenzie, of the Department of Correspondence Courses, Arts Building, University of Alberta.

The I. O. D. E. Scholarship of \$1,400 for one year in any University of Great Britain, was established at the termination of the war, for the study of British politics and British ideals are men and women who on the 1st of October, 1926, have not passed their twenty-seventh birthday, and who as British subjects, have had at least five years' domicile in Canada. To correct an erroneous impression that has gone abroad concerning this scholarship, attention is called to the following condition, viz.: that no preference is to be given to returned men or their relatives except in the case of two candidates being of equal merit, when preference would be given to a returned man or to his relative. Application forms for the I. O. D. E. Scholarship may be obtained from the Registrar of the University.

The I. O. D. E. Scholarship is only given every other year. An award will be made to Alberta candidates next year.

So wonderfully human, so majestically altruistic is our daily task that naught else matters. Let our young hopefuls take heed of the fine traditions that they would perpetuate in the annals of Medicine. Let them know and understand the responsibilities that await them

FACULTY OF MEDICINE

ANATOMY 2-5

Class I: MacPherson; Cain; Giffen.
Class II: Grisoff and Rosenthal; equal; Annett; Galbraith and Hunt; equal; Murray; Watt; Baldwin and Stoner and Wright; equal; Cockle and Harlow and Mahaffy; equal; Joyce and Rush; equal.

Class III: Stuart; Smith; Miss.

ANATOMY 6-8

Class I: MacLean; Gowda.
Class II: Husband and Powell; equal; Richardson; Lesik; Murray; Zakus; Boykovich (Anatomy 8 only).

ANATOMY 12

Class I: MacPherson; Rosenthal; Hunt; Baldwin; Cain and Grisoff; equal; MacLean; Rush and Wright; equal; Cooper and Galbraith and Giffen; equal; Harlow; Cockle and Watts; equal; Stoner.

Class III: Mahaffy; Annett and Joyce; equal; Murray and Stuart; equal.

ANATOMY 14

Class I: Cain.
Class II: Rosenthal; Baldwin; Galbraith; Hunt; Annett and Watts; equal; MacPherson; Harlow; Grisoff and Stoner; equal.

Class III: Giffen; Cockle; Mahaffy; Rush; Murray; Wright; Stuart.

ANATOMY 22

Class I: Gowda.
Class II: MacLean; Powell; Husband; Zakus; Richardson; Lesik; Murray; Boykovich.

ANATOMY 23

Class I: Gerrie; Lloyd; Williams; Sutherland; Ahrens.
Class III: Burstein.

ANATOMY 53

Class I: Laudan and Weinlos; equal; Campbell.
Class II: Lee; Whitworth; Buriak and Lobal; equal; Whiteside; Chappelle; Currie and Zadra; equal; Crawford; Begg; Malo.

Class III: Bradford and Bradley; equal; Christie; Luoren.

ANATOMY 54

Class I: Campbell and Laudan; equal.
Class II: Weinlos; Whitworth; Crawford; Begg and Lobal; equal; Currie; Chappelle and Lee; equal; Bradford and Buriak; equal; Bradley and Christie and Whiteside; equal.

Class III: Malo; Zadra; Luoren.

ANATOMY 60

Class I: Weinlos; Laudan.
Class II: Buriak; Whitworth; Campbell and Chappelle; equal; Begg; Bradley and Currie; equal; Crawford and Lee; equal; Lobal.

Class III: Bradford; Whiteside; Dobry; Luoren; Zadra.

ANATOMY 51

Class I: Weinlos and Whitworth; equal; Lee; Bradford and Campbell; equal; Chappelle and Laudan; equal; Buriak; Currie; Malo.

Class III: Begg and Dobry; equal; Bradley and Zadra; equal; Christie; Whiteside; Reeves; Crawford.

BIOCHEMISTRY 1

Class I: Laudan and Lee; equal.
Class II: Currie; Weinlos and Whitworth; equal; Crawford; Bradford and Chappelle; equal; Begg; Buriak; Currie; Malo; Lobal; equal; Whiteside; Dobry; Luoren; Zadra; Christie; Whiteside; Reeves; Crawford.

Class III: Begg and Dobry; equal; Bradley and Zadra; equal; Christie; Whiteside; Reeves; Crawford.

BIOCHEMISTRY 51

Class I: Crawford; McKenzie.
Class II: Buell and Tallman; equal; Giberson; Nix and Rawlinson; equal; Jarrett; Anderson; Smith; McLean; Davies and Flater; equal; Chisholm and Hollies; equal; Hicks and Langston; equal.

Class III: Halabisky and Haworth; equal; Sprague; equal; Stauffer; Verchomins; Greenberg; and Wilson; equal; Brunton; Lipson; Agnew; MacDonald.

BIOCHEMISTRY 52

Class I: Matsay; Krause and Strickchuk; equal; Hamilton; Miss; Levey; Michie and Saunders; equal; Ward; Caswell; Miss; Verreux; Genereux and Lyness; Miss; equal.

Class III: Kershaw; Campbell; Watsyk; Megaw; Kirkpatrick.

BOTANY 2

Class I: Foster; Schroeder; Brown; Stephens; Thomson and Dunn; equal; Valens; Borrowsman; Eyo.

Class III: Mellings; Walley and Shemeluck and Kickham; equal; Spargo and Ellis; equal; Dumouchel; Moffat; Werthenbach and Simpson; equal; Forbes; equal; Greenlees; Mutchmor; Lowry; Galbraith.

CHEMISTRY 2

Class I: Forbes; Brown and Siebert; equal.
Class III: Lowry; Galbraith; Mutchmor; Kafoury.

CHEMISTRY 3

Class I: Gowda.
Class II: Murray; McLean; Lesik; Husband; Powell; Richardson and Haworth; equal.

Class III: Currie and Galbraith; equal; Wright; Cockle.

CHEMISTRY 61

Class I: Gerrie and Williams; equal; Lloyd.
Class II: Ahrens and Sutherland; equal; Burstein; Wilkinson.

Class III: Crawford; Giberson.

CLINICAL MEDICINE 51

Class I: Crawford; Giberson.
Class II: Hollies; Buell; Jarrett; Haworth; Agnew and McDonald; W. A. equal; Lipson and Sprague; equal; Hicks and McKenzie and Nix and Rawlinson; equal; Davies; Anderson and Flater and Wilson; equal; Verchomins; Halabisky and MacLean; equal.

Class III: Crawford; Giberson.

CLINICAL MEDICINE 52

Class I: Crawford; Giberson.
Class II: Hollies; Buell; Jarrett; Haworth; Agnew and McDonald; W. A. equal; Lipson and Sprague; equal; Hicks and McKenzie and Nix and Rawlinson; equal; Davies; Anderson and Flater and Wilson; equal; Verchomins; Halabisky and MacLean; equal.

Class III: Crawford; Giberson.

CLINICAL MEDICINE 53

Class I: Crawford; Giberson.
Class II: Hollies; Buell; Jarrett; Haworth; Agnew and McDonald; W. A. equal; Lipson and Sprague; equal; Hicks and McKenzie and Nix and Rawlinson; equal; Davies; Anderson and Flater and Wilson; equal; Verchomins; Halabisky and MacLean; equal.

Class III: Crawford; Giberson.

CLINICAL MEDICINE 54

Class I: Crawford; Giberson.
Class II: Hollies; Buell; Jarrett; Haworth; Agnew and McDonald; W. A. equal; Lipson and Sprague; equal; Hicks and McKenzie and Nix and Rawlinson; equal; Davies; Anderson and Flater and Wilson; equal; Verchomins; Halabisky and MacLean; equal.

Class III: Crawford; Giberson.

CLINICAL MEDICINE 55

Class I: Crawford; Giberson.
Class II: Hollies; Buell; Jarrett; Haworth; Agnew and McDonald; W. A. equal; Lipson and Sprague; equal; Hicks and McKenzie and Nix and Rawlinson; equal; Davies; Anderson and Flater and Wilson; equal; Verchomins; Halabisky and MacLean; equal.

Class III: Crawford; Giberson.

CLINICAL MEDICINE 56

Class I: Crawford; Giberson.
Class II: Hollies; Buell; Jarrett; Haworth; Agnew and McDonald; W. A. equal; Lipson and Sprague; equal; Hicks and McKenzie and Nix and Rawlinson; equal; Davies; Anderson and Flater and Wilson; equal; Verchomins; Halabisky and MacLean; equal.

Class III: Crawford; Giberson.

CLINICAL MEDICINE 57

Class I: Crawford; Giberson.
Class II: Hollies; Buell; Jarrett; Haworth; Agnew and McDonald; W. A. equal; Lipson and Sprague; equal; Hicks and McKenzie and Nix and Rawlinson; equal; Davies; Anderson and Flater and Wilson; equal; Verchomins; Halabisky and MacLean; equal.

Class III: Crawford; Giberson.

equal; Tallman; Smith; Langston and Stauffer; equal; Chisholm and Greenberg; equal.

Class III: Brunton; Kennedy.

CLINICAL MEDICINE 52

Class I: Michie and Saunders; equal; Levey; Genereux; Kershaw and Watsyk; equal; Megaw and Strickchuk; equal; Ward; Krause and Matsay; equal; Caswell; Miss; Verreux; Hamilton; Miss; Kirkpatrick; Lyness; Miss.

Class III: Campbell.

CLINICAL MEDICINE 53

Class I: McGregor; Miss; Lewis; Eadie and Lee; equal.
Class II: Grimson; Berrov; Weston; Glenn and Leisemer and Morrow; equal; Law.

Class III: Campbell.

DENTISTRY 1

Class I: Gowda; MacLean and Zakus; equal.
Class II: Richardson; Lesik; Husband; Powell.

Class III: Murray.

DENTISTRY 2

Class I: Gerrie; Sutherland; Lloyd; Williams.
Class II: Burnstien; Ahrens.

Class III: Lloyd; Williams; Burstein.

DENTISTRY 3(a)

Class I: Sutherland; Ahrens; Gerrie.
Class II: Lloyd; Williams; Burstein.

Class III: Forbes; Shemeluck; Kafoury and Moffat; equal.

DENTISTRY 3(b)

Class I: Sutherland; Gerrie; Ahrens; Lloyd.
Class II: Williams; Burstein.

Class III: Forbes; Shemeluck; Kafoury and Moffat; equal.

DENTISTRY 4

Class I: Brown; Strohan and Kickham; equal; Cummings and Borrowsman; equal; Forbes and Brown; R. J. equal; Greenlees; O'Toole and Foster and Eyo and Aylesworth; equal; Werthenbach and Lowry and Ellis; equal; Shemeluck; Hodgson; Dumouchel.

Class III: Mutchmor and Lesk; equal; Simpson; Walley; Kafoury.

DENTISTRY 5

Class I: Levey.
Class II: Ward; Watsyk; Megaw; Michie; Matsay; Strickchuk; Caswell; Miss; Kershaw; Campbell; Krause; Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

Class III: Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

DENTISTRY 6

Class I: Levey.
Class II: Ward; Watsyk; Megaw; Michie; Matsay; Strickchuk; Caswell; Miss; Kershaw; Campbell; Krause; Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

Class III: Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

DENTISTRY 7

Class I: Levey.
Class II: Ward; Watsyk; Megaw; Michie; Matsay; Strickchuk; Caswell; Miss; Kershaw; Campbell; Krause; Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

Class III: Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

DENTISTRY 8

Class I: Levey.
Class II: Ward; Watsyk; Megaw; Michie; Matsay; Strickchuk; Caswell; Miss; Kershaw; Campbell; Krause; Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

Class III: Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

DENTISTRY 9

Class I: Levey.
Class II: Ward; Watsyk; Megaw; Michie; Matsay; Strickchuk; Caswell; Miss; Kershaw; Campbell; Krause; Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

Class III: Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

DENTISTRY 10

Class I: Levey.
Class II: Ward; Watsyk; Megaw; Michie; Matsay; Strickchuk; Caswell; Miss; Kershaw; Campbell; Krause; Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

Class III: Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

DENTISTRY 11

Class I: Levey.
Class II: Ward; Watsyk; Megaw; Michie; Matsay; Strickchuk; Caswell; Miss; Kershaw; Campbell; Krause; Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

Class III: Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

DENTISTRY 12

Class I: Levey.
Class II: Ward; Watsyk; Megaw; Michie; Matsay; Strickchuk; Caswell; Miss; Kershaw; Campbell; Krause; Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

Class III: Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

DENTISTRY 13

Class I: Levey.
Class II: Ward; Watsyk; Megaw; Michie; Matsay; Strickchuk; Caswell; Miss; Kershaw; Campbell; Krause; Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

Class III: Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

DENTISTRY 14

Class I: Levey.
Class II: Ward; Watsyk; Megaw; Michie; Matsay; Strickchuk; Caswell; Miss; Kershaw; Campbell; Krause; Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

Class III: Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

DENTISTRY 15

Class I: Levey.
Class II: Ward; Watsyk; Megaw; Michie; Matsay; Strickchuk; Caswell; Miss; Kershaw; Campbell; Krause; Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

Class III: Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

DENTISTRY 16

Class I: Levey.
Class II: Ward; Watsyk; Megaw; Michie; Matsay; Strickchuk; Caswell; Miss; Kershaw; Campbell; Krause; Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

Class III: Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

DENTISTRY 17

Class I: Levey.
Class II: Ward; Watsyk; Megaw; Michie; Matsay; Strickchuk; Caswell; Miss; Kershaw; Campbell; Krause; Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

Class III: Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

DENTISTRY 18

Class I: Levey.
Class II: Ward; Watsyk; Megaw; Michie; Matsay; Strickchuk; Caswell; Miss; Kershaw; Campbell; Krause; Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

Class III: Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

DENTISTRY 19

Class I: Levey.
Class II: Ward; Watsyk; Megaw; Michie; Matsay; Strickchuk; Caswell; Miss; Kershaw; Campbell; Krause; Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

Class III: Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

DENTISTRY 20

Class I: Levey.
Class II: Ward; Watsyk; Megaw; Michie; Matsay; Strickchuk; Caswell; Miss; Kershaw; Campbell; Krause; Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

Class III: Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

DENTISTRY 21

Class I: Levey.
Class II: Ward; Watsyk; Megaw; Michie; Matsay; Strickchuk; Caswell; Miss; Kershaw; Campbell; Krause; Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

Class III: Miss; Lyness; Verreux; Saunders; Miss; Hamilton.

Buell; Wilson; Chisholm; Davies and Lipson; equal; Flater and Langston and McDonald and Smith; equal.

Class III: Brunton; Greenberg; Agnew and Anderson; equal; Halabisky; Miss; Kennedy; Verchomins.

SURGERY 52

Class I: Ward; Kershaw and Levey; equal; Miss; Caswell; Campbell and Michie; equal; Saunders and Strickchuk; equal; Krause.

Class III: Watsyk and Genereux and Miss; Hamilton; equal; Megaw and Verreux; equal; Matsay; Miss; Lyness.

SURGERY 53

Class I: Eadie; Berrov; Lewis; Miss; McGregor and Morrow; equal; Grimson; Weston.

Class III: Glenn; Law; Lee; Lielesmer.

SURGERY 54

Class I: Michie and Saunders; equal; Levey and Ward; equal; Watsyk; Miss; Caswell; Genereux; Kershaw.

Class III: Megaw; Strickchuk; Miss; Hamilton; equal; Matsay; Miss; Lyness; Kirkpatrick; Campbell; Verreux.

THERAPEUTICS 52

Class I: Berrov and Eadie; equal; Glenn and Law and Miss; McGregor; equal; Morrow; Weston; Lewis.

Class III: Hamilton; Miss; and Krause; equal; Michie; Matsay and Watsyk; equal; Kershaw and Verreux; equal; Kirkpatrick and Miss; Lyness; equal; Genereux.

ZOOLOGY 2

Class I: Stephen; Brown; R. J. Foster; Brown; H. K. and Ellis; equal; Borrowsman and Dunn and Valens; equal; Lowry; Walley.

Class III: Forbes; Dumouchel and Mellings and Siebert; equal; Mutchmor and Schroeder and Thompson; equal; Kickham; Simpson and Werthenbach; equal; Strohan; Galbraith and Shemeluck; equal.

FACULTY OF APPLIED SCIENCE

Class I: Hargrave and Taylor; equal; Walton and Willis; equal; Drew; McPherson; and Moorehouse; equal.

Class III: Subert; Gale and Svarich; equal; Bockock and Kunt; equal; Watson; Borrowsman; Armstrong; White.

Class III: Dunn; Houston; Selnes; Mealing; Hargrave; McPherson; Gale and Watson; equal.

MATERIALS OF CONSTRUCTION

Class I: Taylor and Walton; equal; Whitaker.

Class II: Kunt; Drew; McPherson; Houston; Armstrong; and Watson and White; equal.

Class III: Moorehouse; Fullerton; Dean.

C. E. 52

Class I: Fetter; Davidson; Macdonald.

Class II: Davidson and Fetter; equal.

Class III: Macdonald.

C. E. 55

Class I: Grindley; Fetter; Baldwin and Muir; equal; Underwood.

Class II: Knighton; Fetter; Baldwin and Muir; equal; Underwood; Mealing; Baldwin; Stewart.

Class III: Grindley.

C. E. 57 (LAB.)

Class I: Osterland; Muir; Knighton; Mealing.

Class II: Paterson; Grindley.

Class III: Muir; Knighton; Mealing; Paterson.

C. E. 59

Class I: Macdonald; Davidson.

Class II: Fetter; Cox.

Class III: Grindley.

C. E. 63

Class I: Davidson; Macdonald.

Class II: Fetter; Davidson; Macdonald.

Class III: Cox and Stewart; equal; Grindley; Muir; Baldwin; Ferguson and Osterland; equal.

C. E. 74

Class I: Davidson; Macdonald.

Class II: Taylor.

Class III: Kunt; Whitaker; Bockock and Drew; and McPherson and White; equal.

CHEMISTRY 1

Class I: Taylor.

Class II: Kunt; Whitaker; Bockock and Drew; and McPherson and White; equal.

Class III: Lavender; Wilson; equal; Armstrong and Willis; equal; Moorehouse and Walton; equal; Fullerton and Gale and Houston; equal.

CHEMISTRY 51

Class I: Knighton.

Class II: Mealing.

CHEMISTRY 60

Class I: Gowan.

Class II: Underwood; Baldwin; Stewart; Tames.

DRAWING 2

Literary Supplement

The Gateway



Nineteen Hundred and Twenty Six

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Literary Supplement

Published by The Gateway, University of Alberta

Editor: Kenneth MacKenzie.

Associate Editor: Rache Dickson.

BALLADE OF THE MALCONTENTS

Oh, the heat is stifling in Grub Street today.
Not a breath stirs, not the tiniest sigh.
The dust lies thick on the ledgers grey.
We scribble on, my partner and I
And try to forget the heat that's nigh,
Searing our souls. Figures begin to blur.
We look through the window and see the stir
Of men on the docks and can hear the hail
Of a swarthy bo's'un, sea-wanderer—
Brother, she leaves in an hour—let's sail!

The old man'll curse in the same old way;
Let him curse, we'll be out under the sky.
Dear God! The clear sky—why, it's blue today!
There are winds out there where the sea-gulls
fly,
North winds that smell of the sea and the high
Lone peaks of the Arctic; winds that purr
And whistle through the cordage; that bestir
And set your heartstrings singing to the gale—
Comrade, we'll go. There's naught now to deter;
Brother, she leaves in an hour—let's sail!

She's bound for the tropics and East, they say;
Would you like to see gibbering Malays vie
With bags of copra and coral gay
To urge yon swart bo's'un and us to buy?
Or lie under palms where the south winds sigh
Old tales that the creaming breakers aver,
Old tales that savor of incense and myrrh.
Here's money at hand, we'll not scruple or fail,
We'll act now or never, nor stop to demur.
Brother, she leaves in an hour—let's sail!

ENVOI

Oh, it's come at last, the old urge to spur
On to new places that free men prefer.
We'll set our feet on the ancient trail;
Brother, she leaves in an hour—let's sail!
—J. D. C.

FLIRTATION

How many times each man or maid
Has lightly vowed, "I love you."
A hundred dates with as many mates,
And each time the same, "I love you."

And so the dangerous game goes on.
If a heart breaks one deftly screens it;
For the saddest fact of each playful pact
Is that one of them always means it.

—Emily Horricks.

THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM COWPER

By J. E. H.

A passing suggestion made in the lecture room has led me to browse around in the letters of William Cowper. It is, as one biographer has said, a collection of letters seldom taken from the shelf. I may never have opened the volume but for the recommendation of it I had heard, for some vague impressions regarding Cowper's hypochondria were sufficient to have prejudiced me against his letters as most probably being somewhat gloomy and dull. Yet, on reflection, it is evident that the writer of John Gilpin must have possessed a vein of humour making him worthy of better acquaintance. That such is the case will be perceived even on a cursory reading of his letters. True, some bear the impress of his melancholy, but others are written in a lively spirit, while most of them exhibit a quiet, playful humour that is quite delightful.

Unworldly recluse though he was, the gentle poet could clearly see and thoroughly enjoy the amusing or the ridiculous wherever he met it. The effectiveness with which he could narrate what delighted his sense of humour can only be appreciated as the letters are read. On occasion, he can take a particular theme and discourse in serio-comic style upon it. His disquisition on the morality and convenience of face painting is an example, and one to be read by all who are of the gentler sex. He is happiest, however, in recounting amusing incidents of village life, or of his own experiences; as when he tells "how the beadle thrashed the thief, the constable the beadle, and the lady the constable, and how the thief was the only person concerned who suffered nothing"; or of the tea-urn that must be replaced because "a parson once, as he walked across the parlour, pushed it down with his belly, and it never perfectly recovered itself"; and of the beggar who was given some vermicelli soup, ladled it awhile, and then returned it saying, "I am a poor man it is true, and I am very hungry; but yet, I cannot eat broth with maggots in it." Or there is the doubtful compliment accompanying a request made of himself to write some verses to be annexed to the annually published bill of mortality of a nearby town. Cowper suggested a local versemaker as being a suitable person. Back came the reply, "Alas! sir, I have heretofore borrowed help from him, but he is a gentleman of so much reading, that the people of our town cannot understand him."

Only occasionally are there references to the world beyond the secluded village life. Dr. Samuel Johnston is sometimes mentioned. Before this autocrat of the literary world Cowper's gentle spirit shrinks, for while he grants a request that his first publication be shown to the Doctor, he adds,

"though I well know that one of his pointed sarcasms, if he should be displeased, would soon find its way into all companies, and spoil the sale." At another time the poet censures the severity of Dr. Johnson's criticism of Milton, saying, "the Doctor, in order, I suppose, to convince his royal patron of the sincerity of his monarchical principles, has belaboured that great poet's character with the most industrious cruelty." Then follows a warm criticism of the critic, concluding with the delightful exclamation, "Oh! I could thrash his old jacket till I made his pension jingle in his pockets."

The value of the letters as affording a study in prose style is not inconsiderable. They display a winsome simplicity and easy grace that is well worth careful study.

But their real charm consists in the delightful delineation of the poet's own world and in those self-revealing qualities whereby we get to know and to love the man. Of course, his was a small world, and its concerns mere trivialities, but Cowper had the power, to a remarkable degree, of investing trivial things with interest when he described them. He himself is revealed as a man to be compassionate, not as a weak man so much as a man compassed by weaknesses. But he is also seen as a man to be admired and loved. To be admired for the quality of sterling sincerity that shines through these unaffected letters, and to be loved for that tender humanity which was poured forth in his poetry as a balm for men, and is so intimately revealed in him by his letters.

The book is not one to be read by those whose movie-stimulated taste demands a succession of thrills for leisure moments, but for such as can enjoy a quiet stroll through a literary bypath there is both rest and entertainment in its pages.

"AIN'T NATURE GRAND!"

"Well, we are here at last," I said to my friend, as I beached the canoes. "My, it is a wonderful place—the clear air, the quiet solitude; to quote an ancient saying, 'Ain't nature grand'."

The tent was soon erected, and before sundown six beautiful eggs were frying over the fire and were casting their aroma to the wilds. All was peaceful, blissful, enjoyable. We were in bed by nine, as we were tired from the day's long paddling. We floated off into dreamland, and left the peaceful world bathed in a smoky haze.

At ten my slumbers were rudely rent by a yell from my friend.

"Hey! What is the matter?" I cried.

"One of those damned slimy garter snakes crawled in bed to keep me warm," came my friend's angry reply.

"Shucks, you will never be a woodm——" I broke short.

"What's wrong with you?" my friend asked.

"Dashed spider nearly bit a leg off me," I said.

"Ha! ha!" came a derisive laugh. "Go to sleep, you big he-man."

The next interruption came at an unearthly hour in the morning. I was shaken to sensibility by my friend. The world was swept by a howling wind which drove hissing rain into my face.

"What's wrong?" I screeched.

"Oh, nothing—nothing—only the tent has gone!"

"By Jove, it has!" said I, in amazement. "Where?"

My friend's silence was eloquent. It spoke volumes.

"Oh, well," I said, in an attempt to laugh it off, "we can weather the night and go home tomorrow. Too bad, in a way."

"Yes, and we walk!" came the reply.

"Walk?" said I; "walk when we can ride? No, sir; not for me!"

"Well, a tree has just blown over on the canoe, and if you can find enough of it to float a small feather I hail you as the eighth wonder. Personally, I'm walking. Oh, ain't nature grand!"

—R. W. Pingle.

KATE

or

The Girl Who Would Not Read the Text.

Her parents had sent little Kate
To be an undergraduate.

"Twould be, they said, their proudest day

When she came home with her B.A.

All the first term she did her best;

She polished off the Christmas test,

And in the spring she got a pass,

In fact she took a second class.

But when the child became a Soph.,

Her record went distinctly off.

It shocked her people when they heard

That Kate had barely got a third.

"Come, Ma," said Kate, "no need to fear.

"I'll have no tests in my third year—

"Only term essays. There's no trick

"To them, except to choose and pick

"And cobble passages together.

"It really makes no difference whether

"You ever read the text or not;

"The reference books are a short cut."

The subject which was first assigned

Was "Wordsworth on the Poet's Mind."

Of course Kate found her stuff for it

In histories of English Lit.

Above these books upon a ledge

And perilously near the edge

There stood a most majestic bard

Made of white plaster, smooth and hard.

(You know whose bust it is I mean,—

The author of *Evangeline*).

The day before her work was due

Poor Kate was in an awful stew.

All through the different books she races,

And thrusts them back into their places.

Others, but not she herself,

Saw the bust tremble on its shelf.

It trembled on the brink and fell:

There was a crash and then one yell.

It had struck Kate upon the head,

Which being shingled, she was dead.

The tired janitors said "Blast her!"

As they swept Kate up with the plaster.

—R. K. G.

GREENWOOD

Greenwood is a farming community in Ontario. Go one hundred miles north of Ottawa, and jog over west about twelve miles and you're there. As far as I know, it's always been there, the same farmhouses along the road, the saw-mill with the ever decreasing skidway that never decreased, the cheese factory with a thin, anaemic white wisp of smoke from its chimney. Quiet, sunshiny, conservative Greenwood. Maybe you would call it a hamlet. A hamlet suggests uncomfortable Sunday clothes, and a church bell, and gossipy old women, and an old maid school teacher, and a log blacksmith shop. Yes, I think Greenwood would be a hamlet.

The social, business and religious center was at the cross-roads. On one corner was Greer's store, and on another corner the church. Opposite the church was the hotel, and opposite the hotel was the carpenter's house. So you see, there was always something going on at the cross-roads. It was called "Greer's Corner."

At one time the hotel was a fine place. The proprietor, Bill Green, was a long, lean, erratic Irishman. But then, anybody of importance in Greenwood was Irish. Bill Green was the best-liked man in the settlement. Well, maybe not any better liked than Syd Greer, the storekeeper, but then, they were two different types of men. Greer was the talker, while Bill was the doer. It was Bill who drove the wild bronchos that were killed by the train. It was Greer who was elected Reeve of the council. It would be bill who would get hilariously drunk, treat all the neighbours to "Segrum," turn hand-springs in the middle of the road, or wrestle Tom Clarke, the wrestler. It would be Greer who would play the fiddle while Bill danced, and referee the wrestling match while Bill wrestled. Greer didn't get drunk often, because he said he had a poor stomach. He also had a wife, and it was common knowledge that since the time he had tried to kiss the hired girl, Lizzie had put her foot down on "Segrum." But then, who had seen Greer try to kiss the girl? No, no, that was just hearsay. Greer was too nice a man to try to kiss that giddy fool even if he was drunk. But even if it was true, which nobody would ever think of believing, he was a darn nice man, anyway. Yes, sir, the most obliging man in the country! And the straightest man, too! Nobody could every say a word about Syd Greer.

As soon as evening fell all the men of the district for two miles around would have a plug of tobacco to buy at the store. About half-past eight they'd all be there. There'd be Tom Clarke, John Clarke, Bill Clarke and Jack Clarke; Bill McMunn and Dick McMunn and Long Tom Jackson and Willie John Jackson; and Jim Leach and Miles Clarke and Ned Leach; and Alfie, Baxter, Leslie, Dellie and Joe Davis. There'd be Willie Salter and Albert Risto and Tommie Hewitt and Billie Riley and Phil Hayes. They'd be seated on nail kegs along the wall back of the stove, on the counter, or if space was scarce, on the floor. Greer's

place was left vacant till he came in from doing the chores. Greer was always late with the chores. He sat on the floor with his back against the counter, so that the light couldn't shine in his eyes, and close to the match box. When he sat down everybody felt settled. They'd rather listen to him tell lies than to all the philosophy of the Greeks.

Sunday was the only day of the week that the store was not in vogue. On Sunday afternoon it was the custom to attend church. Everybody went early. The men sat over on the hotel veranda smoking and talking about the cows and the pigs and the latest murder in Chicago. They sweated in their celluloid collars and stiff shirts and felt respectable. "Well, Chicago must be a terrible place. But that's those city people for you. Did you ever hear Joe Davis tell what he saw in Ottawa when he was down to the Fair? No? Well—but that's a long story, and besides, there's the minister. It's time to go into church."

Inside the church everybody tried to get into the back seats, but they weren't always successful, so that the late arrivals would have to sit up among the women and the girls. If they grinned modestly enough and so acknowledged that the joke was on them, nobody paid much attention to them, but some of the fellows were "stuck up," and went up quite unconcernedly and didn't pay tribute to the back benches. Of course, some people like to be conspicuous. They were the ones, too, who sang the hymns with the women. A "he-man" of the back row was too manly and too sensible to make a "holy show" of himself, but those fellows in front had no shame. Well, they liked that kind of thing. As the Reverend Mr. Orr twined and untwined his fingers and slowly but surely got Daniel through the wild animal act and the fish story, attention shifted from the "sissies" to the flies on Tom Clarke's bald head or Anabel Leach's lovely profile. Baxter Davis drew a horse's head on the back of the seat in front of him, and Long Tom Jackson ran his fingers back and forth through his whiskers as if he were looking for something. Mrs. Greer's ostrich feather quivered and shivered as if it had the chills. That feather always made me nervous. Phil Hayes sat still and listened very attentively to Mr. Orr, and never heard a word the good man said. He was stone deaf. For an hour and a half he would sit there without a chew of tobacco. How he did it was a wonder to the countryside and a tribute to his self-control. Mr. Orr went on to the bitter end. The collection was taken, the psalms were sung, the prayers for rain were said, the King was blessed and we were blessed and the minister was blessed. He never omitted anything. But all things will pass, and finally church was over, and everybody crowded outside. They stood around for awhile as if they had awakened from chloroform, and then straggled off down the road and home to sleep.

Old Greenwood! Bill Green is gone, Syd Greer is dead, Anabel Leach is married and has a family. Mr. Orr is playing another circuit, and Tom Clarke was killed three years ago; Billie Sullivan vanished in a shell-burst on the Somme; Johnnie Green went out in front at Lens and never came back, and

many more of the boys of the back benches are lying in the cemeteries around Amiens and Ypres and Paschendael. There must be more grey-headed old people in Greenwood now. I had a letter from there two weeks ago, and it said: "We have a new teacher. She's boarding at Hewitt's, and Herb Jackson has quite a crush on her. They say that Lucy Maddox has a diamond. I haven't seen your brother Billie for a long time. He's working in Pembroke now. Beyond that, there's no news. Greenwood is just about the same. Write soon."

—J. M. Sweeney.

TO THE MAN IN THE MOON

(Cupid's Prayer on behalf of the Hired Man.)

Old Man in the Moon, oh hear, list' here, list' here:
On yellow pumpkins, looking at the ground
These two do sit, and she's his dearest dear.
And he would change her name to Lizzie Hound.
His pumpkin is to hers the nearest near;
He's gulping, but he has the queerest fear.
Come down and help him make the proper sound.

Old Man in the Moon, stop picking prickly sticks,
And slide you down a moon beam here to him.
His heart is full of tickling-ickly pricks
As when I first hurled my gold spear through him.
It stops and starts with sticking sickly kicks—
A bad attack of frisking fickly hicks—
And all because of this dream near to him.

I've whispered in his ear, but I despair,
And I'm afraid they'll catch their deaths of cold.
You've often helped me change two to a pair—
Please hearten him before they both grow old.
You'll free me from another worldly care—
And you can have the pumpkins. Hear my prayer—
Ooooo never mind—he's just this minute told!

—Campbell Hargrave.

DEATH IN EXILE

If thou hast loved me lay me not among
The hillsides withered grasses on the barren
Outskirts of some quiet western town—ah, no!
Alive I loved the fireside warmth, the pulse
Of swarming life—the evening's cheerful lights,
The morning footsteps and the haunts of men.
Dead must I lie forgotten and alone?
There is a land I know where they that sleep
Are blessed with flowers—wide walks—tall trees
And hushed voices. Where quiet and tender
Reticence cradles the beloved bed,
And little children learn in kindly truth
The certain end of man and fear it not.
If there I am when that last call I hear,
I shall not dream, nor toss my restless soul
To lie among the loved—at that will take
From Death's remoteness the uncertain ache,
Will give to Life a vista so profound,
Serene and good, that to be underground
Will seem a gentle end to unquiet care,
And I, all sorrow lose, when I am there.

—L. M. H.

BEFORE THE STORM

Hush, hark! A stillness in the air!
The spirit of the storm is lying low.
The sky is very dark, and, over there,
The poplars, bending, stagger to and fro.

I hear the waves come lapping on the shore,
And whispering to the sand, with voices low,
Yet strong, as if some inner, waiting power
Had feared, its strength before the storm to show.

A breath of wind sweeps, sighing, through the trees,
The giants, bending lower, shake their heads.
We hear the stir and rustle of the leaves
And watch the wood-folk scamper to their beds.

A monster, creeping on us from the west,
Drags at his side, the spirit of the storm,
Approaches nearer now, with fiery breath,
A ghastly, grayish, ghostly, cringing form.
The lightning flashes swift across the sky,
The thunder echoes wildly to and fro.
The monster lifts the shrieking storm on high,
And flings him, headlong, to the earth below.

—Mollie Grant.

My friend, you've come a weary way
Along that dusty road.
Rest an hour in these trees till the heat of the day
Is gone, then strap on your load.

You say you must go on, or night
Will find you walking still;
That you will be far from the farmer's light
When darkness falls on the hill.

But, man, you'll plod on slowly now.
You're tired, you've travelled long.
See the ripples divide from that trailing bough?
Go bathe, and rest, and rise strong.

You'll walk with downcast burning eyes.
You'll see no bird or flower.
You have eaten with me. Now, my friend, be wise.
And rest in my field an hour.

—Campbell Hargrave.

THE REASON

"Why are you here?" he asked.
"Why have you come far from that older land
"To this, the gateway of the unknown North?"

Then answered I: "Let me a question ask,
"Ere I my answer give,
"That it when given may appear more clear.
"Why are the forests here? the plains and moun-
tains?"

"The rivers and the blue lakes and the snows?
"The sunshine and the pale aurora and the dew?
"The cultivated fields? the towns and villages?
"The dumb beasts, and the other men, and you?
"All these and I are here to play a part—
"To help fulfil the whole which He has planned."
Then he replied, "'Tis good. I understand."

—C. C. G.

A GOWN FOR STEPHANIE

"Hey, Bill—I!" There was a series of violent thumps from the other stairway and Ted Bremner slid onto me across the floor of the rotunda. "You are on the costumes committee, aren't you?"

"Yes." I took a deep breath, pausing in my dash to the third floor. I was ten minutes late for a test.

"Well, the gown for Stephanie won't do. Somebody has to go down town with her this afternoon to pick out another. There's a dress rehearsal at 7:30, and we can't spare anyone else. It's up to you."

"Go to the deuce!" I remarked from the landing, and at the first floor I heard him call after me—

"She'll be waiting here for you at 12:30."

There wasn't time to be outraged; my mind for the rest of the hour was fully occupied. For the first time in history Dr. Malcolm and I agreed as to what a test in Math. 40 ought to consist of. I plunged in delightedly, and at the end of the period, being last to hand in my paper, I stayed to ask a question or two. He was unusually friendly, and I went slowly downstairs expanding with dignity and radiating my satisfaction with the world. It was not until my feet touched those square red tiles again that I remembered either Ted or Stephanie.

A cold wave broke over my satisfaction. Then a hot wave followed! The colossal nerve! Go shopping with a strange woman—not while I'm conscious! Well, she wasn't quite strange. You couldn't call a girl a stranger when you'd been making love to her strenuously every night for a week. But on the other hand, what else could you call a girl whose name you'd never heard? Stephanie—her name in the play—was all I knew her by. Fool name for a girl, and it suited her—all eyes and meek as Moses. She looked eternally scared to death. That was her rôle, of course, but it didn't take with me. I like 'em friendly and fulla pep.

Dress-hunting, and with that dame! Was it a frame-up? I had paused involuntarily as I reached the bottom and remembered, and in that instant I saw her standing by one of the big pillars. She was looking straight at me, half-smiling and waiting. Oh, ass! ass! Why hadn't I come down the back stairs! A quick glance around showed me that there wasn't a soul in sight—it was noon—and I had to pass her to get to the door. There was nothing else for it.

As I approached, she threw me a helpless smile that made me sick.

"Teddy Bremner asked me to wait here for you."

"Did he?" I returned icily.

"He said you'd be able to come with me this afternoon to get another dress for the play."

"What's wrong with the one you've got?"

"It's too big, and it doesn't suit me—why didn't the committee at least ask me when they ordered it? Besides, it's pale blue and my dress has to be white. Where did you get it?"

"I didn't get it. Harry Baker ordered them all. Get him and take him shopping with you. It'll serve him right for trying to run things. He should

have put some girls on this committee. Go to him."

"I don't know him——" Her voice quavered.

"And the dress rehearsal is tonight! Well, I'm afraid you'll have to wear the one you've got." I was quite firm. There were voices down the hall, and I was anxious to make my get-away.

The big brown eyes flashed. "I won't wear it, and that's final. If you don't want to come, why don't you say so?"

"I'm very sorry——" but there I stopped. The "voices" appeared through an archway—it was Lucile with her new sheik, over whom we had the row. She looked straight at me and through me—the peroxide jade—never a sign of recognition—and then turned again to that hee-hawing jackass. I looked at Stephanie, and continued loud enough for whom it might concern to hear. "I'm very sorry—er—that I've kept you waiting a moment. Let's go to the Tuck and eat while we talk it over."

She shook her head. "Thank you. I've had lunch."

"But I haven't, you see. Come, you can have coffee, anyway." I smiled my fascinatingest, and then, under Lucile's eyes, I appropriated Stephanie and marched her off.

She was more bewildered than ever as she sat across the table, and the big brown eyes studied me over her coffee cup. There was no conversation. Stephanie was the dumbest of the dumb, and I was too mad to make funny remarks. That miserable young would-be vamp! It was all her fault in the first place! I had gone into this play only because she was in it, and when she dropped me for this Valentino she quit the play. I cursed my luck a hundred times, but it would have been the joke of the season if I had stopped too. And besides, I wouldn't give her the satisfaction. On Lucile's account I was developing dramatic talent, to the consternation of our whole corridor, and because she had cut me in the hall today I was Tucking with a strange (and uninteresting) woman, and was planning to help her pick out a new gown!

Oh, well, I could be decent, anyway. It isn't doing the gallant to invite a young lady to lunch and then not speak to her during the ceremony. I cast a quick glance at her, and at the hurt expression on her face I kicked myself. I must say something—anything. Besides, she might still be dumb with amazement—my sudden thaw must have been funny to her. I laughed to myself at the thought, and Stephanie searched my face suddenly. Darn those "eyes like a startled fawn"! No wonder a fellow can't like her when she turns on him a battery like that.

"I suppose," I said with an effort at frankness, "that you're asking yourself why I changed my mind so suddenly. It was conscience. I'm subject to sudden attacks—not really serious, you know——"

A slight smile. "I thought it must be. Do you mean you are really coming with me?"

"Can't you do it yourself?"

"Oh, I couldn't——" A helpless gesture.

"Why don't you get a girl to go with you? I couldn't tell you what looks well on you——"

"Oh, it isn't for that, at all. It's to—to interview the management—and—and everything you know. I really couldn't——"

"If Harry Baker were only here. This is his mess! But I know he's doing the wild man this afternoon getting properties in order."

I spent a vain minute trying to think of somebody else to wish her onto, and then finished with a smile and an inward curse. "Oh, I suppose I'll have to do it."

There was nothing to reply to this, and she remained silent, looking out the window. There were little points of fire in her eyes.

"So you don't look pretty in pale blue."

"Oh, frightful—you've no ideal! Besides, the thing doesn't fit. It bags at the shoulders and it's too long altogether——"

"You can't alter it?"

"It's a rented gown."

"Hmmm! And even Taylor's wouldn't stand for that. Well, we'll have to see what we can do. We'll go back to Taylor's first and then to the Acme—they are the stores that usually are good to rent us costumes. If we can't get anything there we'll have to try the other places, but I'm doubtful——"

Stephanie looked so relieved it was amusing. The weighty burden of interviewing a manager or two had been lifted from her and her gratitude to her great, big, strong wonderful rescuer (that's me!) fairly radiated in her face. And they say that our grandfathers fell for the clinging vines! Nix. Nothing doing. Still, you could see their viewpoint. Stephanie wasn't half bad for a kid—except for those galvanic eyes. They were too big, but a rich brown like her hair. And they certainly let you know all she was thinking.

"Thank you. I'm glad. I really am frightened of business men, and I'd look so guilty when I approached them they'd think I wanted to steal it."

"What will you do if we can't get one?"

"I don't know yet. One thing I won't do, and that is wear that pale-blue-Harry-Baker-affair."

I laughed. "Well, come on, then, and let's get it over with. You pick out the dress you want, and I'll handle the 'powers that be'. Only we're in for some fun, I think."

It was a fine February afternoon just after a fresh fall of snow. The world was white, the sky was brilliant blue and there was just wind enough to put a crisp tang in the air. We decided to walk over the bridge and down town—the cars would be stuffy, and it wasn't so far. The bridge looked inviting when we stepped on, and unconsciously I swung into my stride. The vista of black girders, the white crunching snow, the exhilaration of the air—one could almost taste it. I breathed deeply and remembered with satisfaction my Math. 40 test. It was a "first" easy—well, I needed it.

A little voice beside me said, "Plee-ase." Poor Stephanie had been nearly running to keep up.

"Smatter? Am I going too fast?"

"A—a little."

I apologized, and she looked up at me, laughing. "You are a speed model, anyway. I used to think I could hike." The eyes were still too much in evidence, but no longer frightened. On the con-

trary, far from it—such thankfulness, such perfect trust and confidence! I felt rather as if a stray dog had adopted me. Only Stephanie was quite a likeable child. Fresh, probably. She looked now as she leaned against the railing out of breath, not far from pretty. Red hat and red mouth; brown fur, brown hair, brown eyes. She could smile with those eyes when she wanted to. That was a nice pink in her cheeks, too, from the wind or the walk, or both. Lucile's cheeks—but I banished the thought of Lucile. I would forget her, and that would bother her more than anything else I could do now. So we leaned over the railing and watched the coal-sleighs far below crawling along the roads over the ice. They were only specks on the whiteness.

"You're fresh this year, aren't you?" I asked.

"The ideal!" Indignation registered in the glowing orbs. "I'm a Senior."

"You haven't been here for four years. Why, I never saw you before. Where have you been hiding all my life——!"

"Probably not—you wouldn't have noticed me if you had. But I haven't been hiding. I've been doing my best for four years to get discovered, and failing miserably."

She wasn't so young as I had thought. There was a harder tone in her voice, and her eyes wore some of the old look.

"But who are your friends?"

"Pembina is full of them."

"Where do you go for your fun?"

"Oh, teas, and movies with the girls and the symphonies and all the music I can hear. Hikes, too, sometimes."

"Do you skate?"

"I can skate——" guardedly.

"Do you dance?"

"I can dance——"

"You can, but you don't."

An express train tore by overhead, filling all the bridge with its thunder so that I missed her answer.

"Don't you like to dance?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you come to some of the Saturday Nights?"

"Let's change the subject."

"No, I want to know."

"Then I'll tell you. And I'll tell you because the Beau Brummel of Varsity is exactly the last person I should tell—the last person who could possibly understand. I don't go to sleighing parties or skating parties, or house parties or card parties, or theatre parties or club parties, or Varsity affairs of any kind merely because I haven't the necessary man. That's all. I have decent clothes, but no place to wear them. Not being a girl, you can't imagine what a difference that little detail makes."

"Why don't you come to the Saturday Nights and meet some? You can come 'stag' to those."

"I did go. I went to two of them and spent two evenings of agony. Good floor, good music, my prettiest, newest dress, and not one soul asked me to dance. Not one! I don't think anyone even saw me—you didn't, as you said. To sit there helpless—unnoticed, undesired, and feel the wallflower numbness stifling you, crushing out of you every

spark of gaiety, every desire to be pleasing and attractive. Oh, I could have screamed. And it happened twice; I think I was brave to put myself through it a second time. Only once in both evenings did somebody notice and bring up a man for me to dance with—it might have been you for all I know—(and she threw me a glance I couldn't fathom)—but when we were introduced he turned tail and fled. I was only a Freshette then, but I wish I could forget it."

"Well, you know lots of boys now. You meet them on the campus, in the halls, at lectures——"

"No, I merely see them there."

"Don't you speak to them?"

"Any that I know."

"But the others—the ones you'd like to know?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, there you are. They can't speak first, and if you won't, there's no help for it."

"Oh," said Stephanie, "I don't expect you to understand. I merely wanted to demonstrate my oratory. I was so unusual to have a man to talk to."

"I think it is your own fault if you haven't boy friends. You speak to strange girls quickly enough. And boys are often quite as sensitive as you are."

"It probably is my own fault. But I can't help it. If the only way I can get into the fun is by trying to make up with strange men, then——" She threw up her hands. "I don't like them anyway—strange men. And it's unbearable to have them think that your friendliest overtures are 'fishing'. I *can't* smile at them. You don't understand. You can go where you like, when you like, and pay your own way. I can't."

We were getting down town now, so I let it go at that. Her attitude was quite wrong; it made me impatient. I was sorry for her, but it was her own fault. And I wasn't quixotic enough to go a-tilting at the social conventions. We dismissed the subject and spoke of commonplaces. Stephanie, with the excitement of expressing her pent-up feelings, had become thoroughly pretty. Her brown eyes had been glowing coals, now they flashed and leaped like a flame at some of my sallies. She returned them too, sometimes with a pointedness that wasn't so slow, and we both laughed together. Certainly Stephanie was improving, whereas Lucile——! To the shades, you departed ghost! You're dead!

The shopping district arrived. There was nothing to be had in Taylor's or the Acme, and we pondered the question of where next. There was Kenwood's and the "Elite" and Betty's Bonnet Shop, where many things other than hats were sold, and Jenkins Brothers, and McCallum's, and half a dozen others whose names I had never heard of. The simplest way was to take as we came to them.

Kenwood's, the first one, was a rough experience. "A pretty white dress," Stephanie asked for. Silk? Preferably. For herself? Yes. A heavy rack of gowns was swung round, pretty things, what there was of them. There were only half a dozen white ones—only one her size.

"Umm. I don't think so. Too elaborate," said Stephanie. "Heavy satin brocade isn't my type, nor the type of my role in the play."

"For a play?" inquired the salesgirl.

"Yes," I answered innocently.

"Then you didn't mean to *buy* the gown?"

We were both dumb, and Stephanie floundered out with, "No. We only wanted to—er—that is—to rent it, you know."

The salesgirl replaced her white satin on the rack. "Certainly not," with supreme disdain. "We don't do that sort of thing."

Out in the open we surveyed each other half-laughing, half-indignant.

"I'm so sorry, Mr.—Mr.——"

"Billy."

"It was my fault. You were supposed to do the explaining, and only to the manager. I shouldn't have said anything."

"I should have cut in sooner. I was my fault too. But we're still alive. Where do we go from here?"

It was rather a lark, though. Stephanie was enjoying it. I wondered vaguely as we crossed the street if women always enjoyed their shopping. They were eternally at it, anyway.

Our next trial was better. At least, by keeping mum we escaped being forcibly ejected. "A white gown for Madam?" and after a hasty glance at Stephanie—"Sorry, we have nothing your size."

Then another attempt as futile. "White? No, nothing at all in white. It is quite out this season, and the pale shades are the rage. Here's something sweet in a very pale blue——"

"It must be white," said Stephanie firmly, and the girl smiled so sympathetically at both of us.

"Oh, yes, of course, a little wedding dress——"

We didn't look at each other for five minutes, and I didn't open my mouth. Why, I don't know, I would have teased another girl about it, but I didn't tease Stephanie.

In the next place she tried on a dress, and I was left seated under a palm tree. Presently two girls I knew came into the shop, and I slunk hastily into a corner. A "Ladies' Wear" was a queer place for Bill McLennan, and I didn't care to make explanations. The clerk came up and touched my arm.

"Your wife is ready now, please."

It was a fluffy affair, with ribbons dangling all over. I couldn't help admiring. Her eyes twinkled impishly, and with her feet still in their heavy galoshes—a ludicrous contrast to the fly-away dress—she swept me a mocking curtesy.

I whistled. It was a snappy little dress all right, and yet—how can a fellow tell why a girl's clothes don't suit? It was white, it looked nice on her, and yet I wasn't satisfied. She didn't look the part. This was a flapper dress, and after all Stephanie wasn't a flapper. She surveyed me quizzically.

"Well, how do I look?"

A ticklish situation! How was I to know what she wanted me to answer! I took my courage in both hands, and began slowly—

"You look swell—to me—but——"

"Shall we get it?" she challenged.

"No—I don't think so."

Stephanie laughed, and I joined in rather feebly.

"Do you know why you don't like it?"

I gave up. I had an idea, but if I tried to express it, I'd make a bigger fool of myself than ever.

"Who says a man hasn't an instinct for woman's clothes. He knows, but he knows not how he knows. Of course it wouldn't do. It's a ducky thing, and I couldn't resist trying it on. But it looks more like a modern *débutante* than the soulful maiden in the last act. We'll have to try again."

And in spite of the clerk's expostulations, she left it there, regretfully.

There was only one white one at the next place. It was a cheap-looking thing, elaborated with big pearls. Stephanie waved it away.

"It looks like a Russian wedding at Mundare."

But I wasn't used to shopping. "Oh, Lord, Stephanie, we'll never get a white one, and the stores are full of colors. Can't we take a green one or a yellow, or a purple? They're pretty, and they look the right thing. I'm sure you'd look nice in one of those purple ones."

"That's orchid," she answered, "and I look in orchid still worse than in pale blue, if possible. Come on. There's only one more store, and what I shall do if I can't get it there I don't know."

"But you must be dead tired. I am, and hungry as a wolf. Let's eat."

"Business first. We'll eat when we've looked over Blantyre's and console ourselves in defeat."

It was dark long since, and near closing-time. We entered the brilliant store with its thick carpets and rich furnishings, and as the heavy door swung noiselessly back a Grand Duchess in black silk sailed down upon us smiling.

"I have the very frock you want," she confided. "A delicate little thing just made for you," and she steamed away again, leaving us seated for a blessed moment. When she returned Stephanie rose with a little cry and held out her hands. "There it is! The dress of my dreams!"

"Didn't I know it?" cooed the Duchess. "Why, I've been actually saving it for you. It's a sample, just in last week, but a small size. I know it will fit you though—just try it on a minute. Come."

It was exactly the thing, even I could see that. When Stephanie had slipped into it, the Duchess called me into the fitting-room and left us a moment alone.

I couldn't describe the dress on my life, but I'll never forget the picture of her standing there. Soft filmy white, it clung to her slender body and floated out—the dew-drops sparkling on the deep scallops made me think of Easter lilies. Yet it wasn't the dress I saw; it was Stephanie, and I saw her as I'd never seen a girl before. She was transfigured somehow—I can't explain it. Only suddenly, by the queer quietness that stole over me, I knew that my fate was sealed. The brown eyes were tired now, the little red mouth smiled wistfully. In all my life I had never seen anything so utterly, appealingly sweet.

"Come," she said at last. "How do you like it?"

"If you could see yourself!"

"There are three full-length mirrors in this cubby-hole. But I'd rather have you tell me—Billy—what do I look like?"

The nearness of her set my pulses pounding, and yet she seemed aloof, and vaguely unreal. I answered her unsteadily:

"Like Faith—the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

That broke the spell, of course. It was a darn fool thing to say, and yet I meant it. And I think she understood, too, although she replied:

"Are you rehearsing the last act? Or merely improvising? Because I'm too tired to listen."

The Duchess, coming in, interrupted us.

"Isn't she sweet? The dress was born for her. You're in luck, too, that I can let you have it for \$55. Rather long, though."

"Must be a last year's gown," I ventured to cover my confusion. The Duchess smiled on me pityingly.

"Here, my dear, I'll just snip these stitches——"

"Oh, no, no, no—don't cut it!" Stephanie glanced around in wild dismay.

"Don't you want the dress? It's perfect on you!"

"Oh, I love it, but don't make any alterations, please. I can't buy it."

The Duchess was alarmed at the girl's sudden panic. "The price is nothing for such a little gem. Come, I'll make it fifty, for it will never look half as well on anyone else."

"Oh, but I couldn't buy it even for less than that," said poor Stephanie, and looked, as she had promised, so guilty and embarrassed that the Duchess' eyes narrowed and her lips drew into a thin line.

"Then if you can't buy a dress, why do you come in here and try one on?"

I saw it was time to interpose. "May I speak to the manager?" I asked.

"I am the manager and proprietor too. What do you want?", and from the fierceness of her tone I expected to hear the Duchess order, "Off with his head."

I explained, rather weakly, that we wanted to borrow the dress for one evening, to be worn on the stage for about twenty minutes and returned at once, unsoiled. In acknowledgment we would print on our programs, "Costumes by—and Blantyre's." We would pay a deposit and would give any small consideration they might require.

The Duchess snorted scornfully. "Rent out our costumes! This isn't a masquerade parlor or a second-hand store."

"There are plenty of respectable firms in town that are glad to oblige us in this way."

"Not Blantyre's. We haven't come down to that yet. Come, young lady, I'll take the dress, please."

It flicked poor Stephanie like a lash, and it made me red in a moment.

"Wait a moment." The Duchess turned to me, and I measured her as for a tackle. There wasn't time to think. "Your price is fifty dollars, nothing less?"

"Not a cent."

"Will you take a check?"

She gave me a swift and withering survey, and her eye lingered appraisingly on the cut of my overcoat. "Yes," at last. "I'll take a check."

"Then have her make the alterations, Stephanie."

I wrote out the check, mechanically. Stephanie came out of the fitting-room in her own clothes.

"Billy, what are you doing? The Dramat can't possibly pay that for a costume!"

"I'm buying this dress, not the Dramat."

"No, you're not. You mustn't. I won't wear it."

"Yes, you will. I'm buying it for the Dramat, but I expect," I continued lying glibly, "to be almost entirely—er—reimbursed."

"Nonsense. They can't afford it."

"Why, sure, Stephanie. I know there is twenty dollars to spare, and the proceeds of the play, and if it goes over well, we'll be putting it on a second night."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course. Besides they told us to get a dress, and gave us carte blanche as to ways and means. And we had to have that very one, didn't we? Now, let's eat. You are done in, and in hour or so we have a dress rehearsal."

So we ate, and rested. Shopping? It was more strenuous than basketball. Stephanie was exhausted, and I let her eat in peace, feasting my eyes and making large mental readjustments. Lucile—the shallow little upstart! I laughed at myself for having been a fool. But this—this was the real thing—the greatest thing in the world. "Stephanie"—what a pretty name she had! Those marvellous brown eyes lifted and smiled at me, and my heart skipped three beats. She fitted her name exactly—and then I stopped, feeling foolish. That wasn't her name. I had no idea what her name was. Probably Susie Smith.

"Do you know," I remarked across the table, "you might at least tell me what your name is."

She looked surprised. "Smith."

"And your first name?"

"Is this a joke?"—gravely.

"No, I was wondering, that's all."

"But you have been using it all day—Stephanie."

It was now so late that there was nothing for it but a taxi. But what was that in my young life. I should worry about expenses—I was having lots of them. It was pitch black outside, and the lights on the bridge gleamed in two long rows.

"Suppose they won't cash the check"—in sudden dismay.

"Oh, the check will go through all right," I reassured her. So it would—with \$4.60 to spare. It merely meant adding another fifty to my college debt, and thank the gods, it was my last year.

"It's a dream of a dress," she sighed rapturously, nestling back in the cushions. "It's just what I've always longed for—a white georgette for dances—or—or—a play like this—or—or——"

"Or—or—or——" I teased. "Or—what?" and when she blushed and didn't answer, I helped her out. "Or graduation?"

There was a sudden silence. Then a deep sigh, and then two warm little hands grabbed mine.

"Billy," she said enthusiastically, "you're a dear. You're a hero. You deserve the V.C. and the S.O.S. and the P.D.Q., and everything else all rolled into one. You saved the day most gloriously by buying the dress, and now you've solved the problem of what to do with it."

"Yes?" I inquired. "How come?" It was rude to contradict a lady, so I merely listened and slipped my arm around her.

"But oh, how selfish I've been. And what a little fool. Oh, I'm sorry. Billy, don't you see? That dress was predestined for my graduation. Why didn't I think of it before? I can buy it myself. It's twice what I ought to pay, but I'll spread myself for once. I'll write home tonight for the money. But, oh, how utterly stupid of me! I should have been keeping my eye open all the time for a graduation dress. And I'm so sorry to have given you all this trouble——"

I was ashamed of my inner relief.

"Are you sure you can afford it?"

"I'll have to. I can't graduate in peace without it now. To think of giving it up again——"

"Then you'll wear it to the Graduation Dance?"

"Oh, I won't be going——"

"You are going—with me."

She laughed. "What makes you think so?"

"You will go with me, won't you, Stephanie?"

"I'd love to. You'll never know how much——"

There was a long silence. The lights in the valley below twinkled out in the blackness. I leaned over her.

"Stephanie, how long would the dress last?"

"Don't worry. I'll wear it out before it's old-fashioned."

"But how long?"

"Oh, a couple of years, maybe."

I did some frantic multiplying with interest at 4 per cent., and finally gave it up. No use hoping.

"Well, never mind, then, honey, wear it out and we'll buy another when we need it."

Stephanie looked up at me and laughed, and that was too much. I swept her into my arms, and kissed the little red mouth—the best I knew how. She said nothing, and made no resistance, but her silence gave consent.

—I. M. D.

Oh wind, you're wild, oh wind, you're free—
Oh wind, strong wind, oh carry me
To a far away hill where I may see
The winter prairie where you blow.
Oh wind, free wind, oh I would be
Where you play with the newly-fallen snow,
And it whispers, whispers when you go;
Where the eastern hills' and the sky's soft glow
Is golden, mauve and silvery,
When the shadows are long, when the sun falls low.

—Campbell Hargrave.

AS IT WAS AND IS—

Zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom,
The muffled cornets blow.
The saxaphones are squealing
And the fiddler plies his bow.
The drums are tapping at our hearts,
The trombones boldly bleat,
As we dance and prance and jiggle
On our jazz-bewildered feet.

Trip, trip, trip, trip
The light fantastic toe
Across and down and in and out
We jostle to and fro.
The bright lights glitter in our eyes,
We feel the ancient urge,
As the flood of dancers eddies
In an endless tidal surge.

Tap, tap, tap, tap,
The music in my head
Has dazed me into dreaming.
Ancient dreams of days long dead.
We are out beneath the starry sky,
A thousand ages back,
And in answer to the music
Loudly howls the savage pack.

Boom, boom, boom, boom,
The tom-tom's rolling note
Is echoed through the forest
From each hoarse barbaric throat.
And our painted limbs are gleaming
In the camp-fire's ruddy light,
As we leap and twist and wriggle
On this ancient festive night.

Zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom,
The forest vision fades.
The men resume their evening suits,
The girls their silk brocades.
But still beneath their modern dress
As in the days of yore,
They dance and prance and jiggle
On the highly polished floor.
—R. V. Clark.

EQUINE SYMPATHY

For weeks I've seen you standing there
Upon the lot beside the jail,
Your body bent beyond repair,
Tagged with a sign that says, "For Sale."

And though I toil upon the road
From early morn till evening late,
When passing I forget my load
Awhile, and ponder on your fate.

Your owner drove all summer long;
He "pounded you upon the tail";
And sometimes on the "Danger" curves
He even rode you on the rail.

No hour too late, no mud too deep,
He used a sort of dev'lish skill
When you presumed the grade too steep,
And coaxed you till you climbed the hill.

But winter joy rides give no thrill;
Your price will pay the grocer's bill;
And so he placed you on the square
To catch the eye of suckers there.

On other lots on other streets
Your brothers and your cousins stand;
My horse sense tells me its the same
In every city in the land.

No roof to shield you from the storm,
No exercise to keep you warm—
I know exactly how you feel—
A second-hand automobile!

—C. C. G.

WOLF HENRY

Wolf Henry lived in a tumble-down shack, at the foot of the clay cut-banks of Six Mile Coulee. The shack was built of rough, unpainted boards, and the roof was of poles covered with a layer of sods. Time, and the action of the weather, had worn away the soil from between the little squares of sod, so that from inside one could look up and catch little glimpses of the sky here and there between the chinks. In summer this sod roof was a veritable garden, where wild daisies, harebells and golden rod bloomed in their season. In winter a thick covering of snow shut out the glimmer of the stars, and shut in the warmth of the rusty iron stove.

The furnishings of the shack were scanty and none too clean. A stove, a rough deal table, a home-made barrel-chair and bedstead, were all the comforts the single room could boast. One tiny window let in a filtering of light, greyed by passing through the dust and cobwebs of years. The door had a heavy bolt.

What Henry's other name was no one knew, and he himself had long since forgotten. He had been a trapper in the early days, and had come down to Trowbridge from the mountains of British Columbia. Here he had found the shack, built and abandoned by some early "squatter," and had settled down in it. In the spring and summer he worked as gardener and general handy-man in the town of Trowbridge. Early every morning he harnessed his old mare to his cart and set off for town. The cart was bright red; upon it he had painted crude pictures of grinning timber wolves; and it was from this that he derived his nickname of "Wolf."

"Ye see," he would reply in a hoarse whisper, when asked the meaning of these pictures, "it's to make 'em think I like 'em. That's the way I fool 'em."

Here he always became greatly excited, and his voice would become more and more shrill.

"When they see the pictures, it throws them off my trail. But they'll get me—they'll find me out

in the end—they'll smell my blood, d'ye see——"

"Who, Henry?" one would enquire, astonished at the old man's agitation. "Who are they?"

"The wolves—the timber wolves. They're after me, and they'll get me—in the end they'll get me."

Suddenly a look of intense cunning would come over his face. "But I like them. Why should I have their pictures on my cart if I was afeart of 'em?" and turning on his heel, he would go back to his work, muttering and cursing to himself.

What terrible experience in the wilds lay behind this frenzy of Henry's we never knew. Pressed for the reason why "they" should want to "get" him, he always became so excited and incoherent that no one could understand him. After such periods of excitement he would not appear in town for days, and then suddenly, early one morning we would hear his tuneless little whistle in the garden, and looking out would see him bending over the flower beds or trimming the grass borders.

One morning late in September, Henry drove his cart up the lane, hastily tied his horse beneath the great maple, and hurried to the open kitchen door. The maid, who was preparing breakfast, appeared at his impatient knock.

"I must see the Missus," he said.

"You can't see her now, Henry, she's having breakfast."

"I must see the Missus," repeated Henry doggedly.

Something about the aspect of the old man frightened the maid. There was a wild gleam in the bloodshot eyes, and the lips beneath the dragged grey moustache twitched uncontrollably.

"I **must** see the Missus, girl," he repeated, and the frightened maid disappeared into the dining-room. A moment later the door opened, and the "Missus" came into the kitchen.

"What is it, Henry?" she asked, a note of impatience in her voice.

Henry's grimy hand beckoned her nearer to the screen door. He glanced nervously over his shoulder, and then lowering his voice to a whisper, said: "They've come, Missus."

"Who have come, Henry?"

"They've come," he repeated. "They found me last night."

His eyes looked past her; he saw what he described.

"I was lyin' in bed, when suddenly I heard a snufflin' under the door, and the pad of their feet. An' then I knew. The door was barred, like always. Then I heard a scufflin' at the window, but they couldn't reach up to it. An' then there was silence—that awful silence—you know, Missus"—(the bloodshot eyes turned toward her again, for a moment, and then stared intently into space)—"that silence when you know there's Somethin' near you, waitin' for you, and you don't know where to look for it. An' then, suddenly, I knew they were lookin' at me—I could feel their eyes burning into me—an' I looked up an' saw them lookin' through the crannies in the roof—yellow eyes like fire, an' then green. I looked at them; I couldn't move, couldn't do nothin' but stare into them awful eyes.

An' then suddenly they began to scratch and claw at the roof. I jumped up. I yelled and screamed to scare 'em, but they kept right on scratching. I grabbed by gun and fired. I fired again. Then I heard an awful cry, and a thud. I loaded and fired again and again. I guess I was kinda crazy, Missus"—(the bleared eyes regarded her apologetically for a moment)—"an' then I didn't hear any sounds—just silence—but I knew that they had gone and taken the dead one with them."

"Did you kill one? How do you know you killed one?" demanded the Missus, astonished.

"Because of the cry—it was the death-cry, ye see. An' I know they took him away with them, because they weren't no sign of him this mornin' when I looked. But now, ye see, Missus"—the frenzied look came into his eyes, and again the apprehensive glance over his shoulder—"they've found me, an' they'll be bound to git me now I've killed another of 'em. They'll follow me an' follow me, an' some day they'll git me. When I'm not ready for 'em——"

The old man was apparently beside himself with excitement and fear. His breath came in great gasps, and he clutched his throat as though already he felt the sharp teeth of his pursuers. The Missus was thoroughly frightened, and like most Western women, being frightened, she became angry.

"Henry! Be quiet! You should be ashamed of yourself."

Her voice, sharp as a lash, reached even Henry's nightmared brain, and did more to quiet him than any words of sympathy could have done. It was a voice he was accustomed to obey. Slowly he straightened up, and a saner light came into his eyes.

"Yes'm. Yes, Missus," he mumbled.

"Come in here and drink this coffee"—the voice was milder now. "You're simply hungry and overwrought."

"Yes'm," said old Henry.

That day at noon the Missus spoke to her husband about the episode. "Poor old man, it is too bad," she said; "but you should speak to the authorities about him. He is becoming dangerous. He really frightened me this morning, and he would be much better where he can be looked after than alone in that miserable shack."

Her husband agreed, and broached the matter to the authorities. But red tape is red tape, and time passed. Henry seemed even quieter than usual, and came and went regularly in his red cart, but the Missus, watching him closely, noticed that he seemed apprehensive and ill at ease, and that the fearful glance over his shoulder every few moments had become habitual. He was as a man haunted by some spectre, invisible to others.

One morning he did not come to work. This had happened many times in the past, but this morning the Missus, remembering his strange behavior of late, was concerned about him. As the morning progressed, she became so obsessed with the idea that something had happened to him that her husband consented to drive down to the shack

in the afternoon to see if all was well with the old man.

It was early evening before Alec Shaw and a friend drove down Six Mile Coulee road. Above, on the prairie, the light lingered, but down in the valley the autumn evening was already closing in, and the tall trees threw a heavy shadow on the road. The dead leaves under the horses feet made a dry rustling sound.

"Just a fancy of my wife's," said Shaw. "The old man has been very queer lately, and she is afraid that something has happened to him. It's probably nothing at all. He may be getting his potatoes in or some such thing. But she was so worried that I said I'd come. It's a nice time for a drive, anyway."

As they neared Wolf Henry's shack the howl of a dog, long-drawn and mournful, drifted across the valley.

"Funny time to howl—there's no moon," commented Shaw lazily. Then as a thought struck him—"By Jove, that sounds like Shep, Henry's old mongrel."

They drove on. Rounding a turn in the road the little shack with its tumble-down barn, black against the shadows, stood before them. There was no light in the window, no sign of life about the place. Again from the shack they heard the howl of a dog, which as they approached the closed door, changed to a furious barking. Shaw spoke to the dog. Recognizing his voice, the barking changed to a whine, and the dog could be heard scratching at the door. Pushing against the door they found it barred.

"Old man's gone off and left the dog inside, eh?" suggested Laurie.

"Perhaps," answered Shaw, "but the door is barred from the inside, and there is no other."

They walked around the house and looked in the window, but the dust and darkness inside prevented them from distinguishing anything. They shouted and beat upon the door. No sound but the renewed whining and scratching of the dog. The heavy door resisted all their efforts to open it, and at last, thoroughly alarmed, they broke the window, and Shaw crawled through.

He had barely reached the floor before he felt the dog rubbing against his legs, and a cold nose was thrust against his hand, sending an involuntary shudder over him. He struck a match. In the dim light resulting, he looked about him and saw the cold stove, the rough chair and the untidy table. Across the bed lay Wolf Henry, his head fallen back against the wall. The flare of the match died out.

Shaw quickly found a lantern, lit it, and joined by his friend examined the room. Wolf Henry was dead—dead, in the grim fighting attitude of a man who faces his foes for the last time. His rifle lay on the floor beside him, where it had fallen from his hand. The blankets were thrown back, as though, springing from the bed in desperate haste, he had flung them from him. A cartridge box, half full of shells, lay on the bed beside the old man, and a number of empty shells strewed the floor, as

though he had loaded and fired in frantic haste. Everything else was as it should be.

As the two men stood, stunned by the unexpectedness of it all, the memory of his wife's account of Henry's wild story swept over Shaw. He seemed to see the old man as he stood at the kitchen door that morning—his straining eyes and twitching lips as he glanced fearfully over his shoulder—and fragments of the story came back to him:

"... I could see them lookin' through the cran- nies of the room—I screamed and yelled to scare 'em, but they kept right on scratchin'—I grabbed my gun an' fired an' fired—I guess I was kinda crazy, Missus—"

—Marjorie Sherlock.

THE YELLOW MASK Special Supplement Serial

Gordon McRosenblatt

What has gone before:

"All is over between us," storms Zuyder Van Zuyderdam, wealthy stockbroker, when he returns unexpectedly from Europe to find his wife, Mar- ian, in the arms of his Chinese cook, Wun Lung Lo. He hurls a brick he has with him at the cook and dashes down to his taxi. "Drive, drive, drive," he cries, and at break-neck speed hastens to the nearest employment agency.

Meanwhile, beautiful Marcelle Wave, his sister-in-law, calls at his house, and finds Wun Lung Lo weltering in his life's blood and the folds of the library carpet. He is stabbed three times through the heart and his throat is cut, but he lives long enough to cry "Pung, Chow, and Ma Jongg" be- fore he deservedly dies. Police, who have been attracted by Marcelle's screams, arrest her for mur- der and parking her car in front of a fireplug. Boss Moriarity, corrupt chieftain of the city's graft-rid- den government, is smitten by Marcelle's pure charms. "Never fear, little lady," says he, "Adol- phus Moriarity has never yet failed a woman in her hour of need." She repels him, for she loves Oscar Von dem Rauchen Verboten Schmalzbud und Sauerkohl, scion of an old Winnipeg family.

Touched to the heart, he stamps off, swearing to obtain her release, to lead a better life and to divorce his present wife.

Members of the Alpha Beta Gamma Tong of unscrupulous highbinders, whose past district sec- retary and Most Exalted Ruler of the Peacock Robe and Mystic Realm, the dead Wun Lung Lo had been, decide to take a terrible vengeance for his death. They suspect the innocent girl because she has been known to pour Listerine on her chicken chop suey.

Meanwhile, Boss Moriarity, Zuyder Van Zuyder- dam, who has obtained a new cook—Japanese—, and Marcelle's lover (see name above), all work frantically for her release. The Alpha Beta Gam- mas send her a gorgeous bouquet of roses, impreg- nated with a deadly drug, one scent of which is fatal. Marcelle Wave spends her first night in prison.

Now go on with the story:

Came morning at last, after a night of sighs, and as the first roseate bars of the rising sun, gilded the wall over her straw stuffed pallet, our heroine lifted a tear-stained face that yet bore upon it the marks of steadfast courage and resolution to face bravely the perils of the day, to look them unflinchingly in the eye.

Soon came the turnkey bearing on one hand a loaded salver, draped with a snowy napkin, which covered the meagre prison fare of Boston Baked Beans and cocoa. Under the other arm he carried a large pasteboard box which at once filled the narrow cell with the fragrance of the sun-kissed slopes of the rose-wreathed Pacific coast.

Marcelle clung to the bars of her cell as the gaoler entered with his burdens. Tears of happiness welled from her eye, as with a radiant face she took the box of roses from his arm.

"I need not ask," she cried in happy confidence—little she knew what fate awaited her—"I know only too well that these are sent by Oscar Ernst Von dem Rauchen Verboten Schmalzbad und Sauerkohl."

"You said a mouthful, lady," returned the man of keys, his gruff old heart warmed by her joy. "There's his card in the box."

Luxuriating in the knowledge of Oscar E. V. D. R. V. S. U. S's constancy and thoughtfulness in her awful predicament, Marcelle opened the box and shook a dozen long-stemmed American Beauties upon the dingy blanket that covered her couch.

Breakfast went unheeded while she gathered the great armful of roses and took a deep ecstatic breath with her face buried in the glorious blooms.

Instantly convulsive shudders racked her slender frame and she let the roses cascade in wild confusion to the floor. A smile of pained and bitter disillusion tortured her paling lips while an agonised whisper reached the gaoler's ear. "You love me not! Oh, Oscar.....Ernst.....Von.....Dem Rauch..... and her life went out as the flame of a candle flickers away in the blast of the cruel north wind. She died.

No, dammit, let's try again.

But ere the final spark of life had left, the hardy turnkey leaped from her cell to bring his pulmotor equipment. With hurried hands and deft, he tried to resuscitate her. He slapped her blue-veined wrists and pressed her hands and burned a package of Old Chum under her nose. Yet, yet all in vain, not all his wiles and arts would bring her back to life again. Bereft of the love of Oscar Ernst, etc., Sauerkraut life was not worth the effort. She died.

Curse it. This is no good. She's got to live twenty chapters yet.

But! What noise was that? Even as she swayed she heard the voice of Oscar raised in call adown the corridor. Once more the colour rose to her death-tinged cheeks as the thunder of his manly feet approached her cell with racing speed.

"Sweetheart. We have found the guilty wretch and you are free again. Come to my arms, my dove." The lovers sank into embrace.

"Y-you l-love me yet?" sobbed the beautiful girl, and hung half fainting in his arms. "K-kiss me

again." And as he complied with her request her willowy body stiffened in his grasp. The deadly poison had done its fatal work. She died.

The End.

Note by the Editors.

Mr. McRosenblatt was asked to write us one of those gripping serials for which he is so famous. "Art for Art's sake" has long been his chief tenet, and he tells us that the dramatic situation forced him to kill the heroine. Circumstances, therefore, compel us regretfully to bring this serial to a close.

PEMBINIGHT

By W. Beaache

Once upon a time in a certain university there was a little band of happy co-eds who were popularly referred to as "The Eight Eggs." In contrast to the eggs served in the university dining halls these young ladies were very good. But nevertheless mischievous. They were normal, healthy Western girls, whose sense of humor was fully developed, who believed that the sun never went out of business, and who helped make Varsity life more delicious for their friends. They studied a little, laughed a lot, and got their full share of joy out of playing tricks on one another and on the rest of humanity. The Eight Eggs were the young ladies who, in their Freshmen year, used to snap their garters in class to embarrass the bashful young English professor.

In this same university there was one known as "The Empress"; the dean of women students; adviser; mother to the pack. Hers was the unenviable duty of "looking after" the young women in residence. The co-eds of Alberta (that was the name of the university) came from many distant parts, and fond parents needed some assurance that their daughters would not be sans a maternal guide in the big city of many guiles, where the university was planted. The Empress filled the bill to a T. She had the years and experience to appreciate girlish tendencies and she lacked the years to make one old and crabbed. Her sceptre was wielded with wisdom and sympathy, and her popularity among her charges was eloquent testimony of the success of her rule. In fact, the Empress was "a dear." All the girls said so; including the Eight Eggs. "A friend to be value and a foe to be feared" was the consensus of opinion. And she had no foes.

The Eight Eggs caused the Empress to lose more sleep than any other cave-dwellers in the cliff called Pembina. Midnight "feeds," fire-escape get-aways, and clandestine motor car rides were, among other things, continually getting the eight into hot water with Her Pembinal majesty. But that lady was slow to anger, and quick to forget, and her feeling toward the mischief-makers was one of fondness only.

On the evening of the Ides of March in the seventeenth year of the University, "The Eggs" were assembled in the dressing-bedroom-study of Fran Williams. The day had been a dull one. Very wearying, in fact. Behind the locked door, seven of Mr. Players' choice cigarettes were being thoroughly enjoyed. Eleanor MacMillan never

smoked. Girls' lips were never designed to caress cigarettes, was her view.

Many interesting topics, and a few men, had been discussed, when Hep Horricks burst forth with, "Girls, I've got an idea! A real honest-to-goodness brain-wave!"

"Get her an ice-bag," was "the Scotchman's" suggestion. ("The Scotchman's" name was Betty. Her parents were McLatchies.)

Molly Staunton, in a voice filled with compassion, came to her friend's assistance, feeling her pulse and quoting, "Despise not the simple-minded. It often pays to be dumb."

But Hep knew her fry, and, undismayed, followed up her startling statement.

"If you fellows will show me the courtesy of listening-in for a moment, I'll favor you with an explanation. My childish brain has planned a plan, or, as Riddlehow would say, formulated a project. Will you listen, or will you have me publish in *The Goatway* a series of your unsuccessful love affairs?"

The threat was effective, and the other seven wound their kimonas more tightly around themselves and settled down more comfortably on their cushions.

"Shoot!" came the general invitation.

Hep adjusted herself comfortably on Fran's bed, her legs dangling idly over the edge, a thin wisp of smoke ascending from her mouth, and proceeded to unfold the big idea.

"It's about time we sprung another joke on the Empress," she began. "She'll be getting bored, if we don't give her something to worry about soon. Wouldn't it be grand to send her on a man-hunt in the building?"

"Sure. This place is just teeming with he-men at this hour of the night," remarked Madge Aylesworth, in a tone of regret not entirely feigned.

Ursula Dean was rude enough to remark, "We always thought you were an idiot, Hep, but now we know it."

"I'm not," came from the prostrate form on the bed.

"But where do we get the M-A-N?" inquired Emily Grant, who was busily engaged at the mirror, plucking offending eyebrows.

"The night-watchman!"—from Hep.

The silence which followed upon her announcement convinced Hep that her idea had a chance, and a grin of satisfaction slowly took possession of her always-happy face. But she bided her time. Not being of the male species, she liked to be coaxed a little.

Eleanor broke the quiet with, "Sounds as though there might be something in it. What's the idea, plan or project, if any?"

The others also expressed interest, so Hep, content, sat up on the bed, pulled her knees up under her chin, and tightly hugging her legs, told of her plan. Her eyes gleamed with mischief and her voice had in it a sort of devilish chuckle which soon communicated the spirit of the affair to the other seven. She proceeded.

"Well, here goes. The night-watchman will be around here on his first trip in about twenty minutes. Four of us can hear him on the top floor and tell him that there is some one prowling around down-

stairs. Explain to him that we're frightened. Regular 'agitated girl' stuff. And ask him if he'll come down and investigate. In the meantime the other four will go to the Empress' room and tell her that we think there is a man snooping around. She'll be all for hot-footing after him. Must protect our girls. Are any of you intelligent enough to see daylight yet? Or may I now sit back and receive your praises?"

"Hot zigaty! Let's go!"

"Stupendous! Staggering! Thrills!"

"You're nominated for the Men's House Committee right now!"

These and other similar comments expressed the enthusiasm with which the idea was taken up. Fran's chamber sounded like a Chinese school-room as the Eight Eggs eagerly discussed the working out of the big plan. Who would go here? Who would go there? What should they say? It took about twenty minutes to get the forces arranged and the details agreed upon.

"We're away, gang. And may Heaven protect the innocent. We'll see you in the funnies," was the parting remark as four, headed by Emily, went towards the Empress' suite and the rest followed Fran in the approach upon the night-watchman.

Emily's party found the Empress had just retired, but she was up-and-at-it as soon as the situation was explained to her.

"A man prowling around here at one o'clock in the morning!" Her indignation was beyond description. "I never heard of such a thing! Keep close behind me, girls, and don't make any noise. We'll find this intruder and cook his goose properly."

The little party proceeded very quietly through the dark corridors toward the rotunda. The Empress was cautious, but not intimidated. She carried a small flashlight in her hand, and ammunition for a plus-seven tongue-lashing in her head. She was angry, and nothing else but. The four co-eds were filled with glee. The plan was working beautifully, and, in the excitement, it took a lot of will-power to suppress the titter or giggle which wanted to get free.

In the meantime, Fran's crew had interviewed the surprised watchman. This was a grave matter, and one which he felt very strongly about. The idea of a man moving about in the dark in Pembina at one a.m.! It must be a man. He was a person of action, this watchman, and it did not take him long to decide on a course of procedure.

"You girls can follow me if you like. But I'd advise you to go to your rooms. There may be some rough work on hand for me, and you'd only be in the road." With this he turned his back on the four and tip-toed down the hallway. And shortly behind him tip-toed the four.

As the Empress neared the rotunda she stopped several times, and could hear quite distinctly the stealthy tread of someone on the stairway opposite. Her finger-nails bit into the palms of her hands, and her teeth were clenched tightly together. In the growing excitement her courage was not one whit diminished. She continued her quiet advance upon the unknown prowler.

The four girls behind her also heard the noises on the other side, and were doubly delighted.

The night-watchman was no fool, and his gum-shoe work was beyond reproach. The proverbial mouse could not have approached the scene more stealthily. He also stopped at intervals to listen, and was rewarded each time by hearing the sly movements of an unknown person nearby. He also had his coterie of four excited followers.

The Empress and the watchman reached the opposite sides of the rotunda at the same time. Both stopped to listen. All was quiet, except for the ticking of the big clock. First the one and then the other advanced a few steps toward the centre of the arena. Again a mutual pause. The suspense was becoming unbearable.

With the next move, each could note the vague form of the other in the darkness. Two flashlights suddenly shot their searching rays upon two startled faces.

"The Empress!"

"The night-watchman!"

In the darkness, eight merry voices were heard to chuckle, and twice as many feet went pattering down the corridors.

THE DEPARTURE OF WINTER

Once an old, old man was swaying
Down the road through tarmpled snow,
And I heard the children saying,
"Old Man Winter, you must go."

Then a little boy came running;
Snowbanks melted as he passed.
Angry Winter heard him coming,
Turned and blew a warning blast.

Hesitating, foot uplifted,
March stands rigid in the path,
When the snowbanks round him shifted,
Winter stumbled on in wrath.

March, the mischief, followed after,
Lifted high his sprinkling can.
Then, with shrieks of mirth and laughter,
Watched it soak the wicked man.

Soon old Winter's form had vanished,
Melted with the ice and snow.
On the spot where he was vanquished
Purple windflowers nod and glow.

—Mollie A. Grant.

IN A MOMENT OF DEPRESSION

(With apologies to Tom Hood)

With forehead furrowed with care,
With eyelids heavy as lead,
A teacher sat in his third-best rags,
Plying a pencil red:

Tests! Tests! Tests!

Why did I give them that?

What was the use of letting it loose—

Pages and pages on any excuse!

And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
That sank to a moan and rose to a screech,
He sang the song of that beastly pest,
By giver and taker alike unblest,
The song, in short, of the regular test!

Tests! Tests! Tests!

Another one through by a squeeze!

Tests! Tests! Tests!

And they call this a life of ease!

What the deuce is this slavery for?—

Honolulu or Zanzibar,

Tokio, Cuba or Bogota?—

Dreams of a testless paradise!

What's the use when I haven't the price?

Outside the window it's ten below.

Outside the window the wild winds blow.

Howlers without and howlers within!

Tests too thick and tests too thin!

Saturday night and I meant to rest!

Begin on another! Confound the test!

Tests! Tests! Tests!

One on another piled!

And Tests! Tests! Tests!

Oh, English undefiled!

Sentences wrong end to—

Headless, spineless, spent!

Perfectly legal brew—

One and one-half per cent.!

Why can't they write with a punch?

Why can't they think things out?

Have they the ghost of a hunch

What it is all about?

Unity, Clearness, Force—

Precepts futile and vain!

Have to keep on, of course!

Up and at it again!

B.

THE GARDEN

The pale gold moon looked tenderly down on the little forgotten garden. The faint June breeze breathed on its crumbling walls and wild confusion of flowers. The warm air was perfumed with roses and the sweetness of a narcissi. A cherry-tree, that had blossomed late, bent over the stone basin of the fountain, long since dry, dreaming, perhaps, of days when its fair whiteness had a double in the pool, and when its petals, falling gently down, floated like fairy boats on the sparkling water.

On a stone pedestal which stood between two sweeping birch-trees at the end of the garden lay a little faun, asleep. His cool white cheek was pillowed on his arm; his pan-pipes lay at his side where he had dropped them as he fell asleep. The climbing roses on the wall dropped long tendrils over him. A red rose brushed his head, and a red rose rested over his heart. He had slept thus for a hundred years, but whether he was imprisoned by a spell, or no, I cannot tell.

A cherry-blossom, wafted by the wind, dropped on his cheek, and as it touched him a faint flush rose on his face. He stirred and smiled in his sleep. The breeze moved the rose that rested on his head, and as it brushed across his eyes he awoke. But whether the breeze, the cherry-blossom and the rose had broken a spell, or no, I cannot tell.

When the little faun opened his eyes he was not quite sure where he was. He lay gazing at the golden moon, the roses and the narcissi with half-closed eyes, the last reluctant wisps of lovely dreams floating across his mind. He rubbed one of his little pointed ears in a bewildered way, and sat up. As he did so his hand touched his pipes, and he

lifted them to his lips. Softly, gently, hesitatingly he blew upon them, searching for the hidden memory of music. A low note, very quiet, suggestive of perfumes and flowers and vague beauty, yet very wistfully questioning withal, stole out into the night.

The little gray mouse who lived in the wall came to her door with that wistful call ringing in her ears and tugging at her heart. A brown rabbit on his way to a patch of juicy young cabbage paused at a corner of the garden looking in through a large breach in the crumbling stone wall and wondering at that note of music. A little barn owl, as he flew in long graceful swoops, heard the faun's pipes, and hung in mid-air, waiting for a repetition of the call.

But the faun paid no heed; that single questioning note had recalled a flood of pleasant memories—little wild strains of music, wind-haunted forest glades, sunny meadows and fragrant gardens. With his lips parted in a half-smile, his eyes raised to the pale gold moon, and the myriad perfumes of the garden in his nostrils, he sat waiting for the supreme memory which he knew must come. Suddenly, with a curiously exultant movement, he raised his pipes to his lips and began to play. It was a joyous lilt-tune he played, a mischievous, capering thing. All the joy of the world was given voice in that moment, the exultation of spring, the first robin's song, the laughter of brooks, the murmur of rivers and the whisper of wind among the trees.

The little gray mouse stepped out of her door and crept toward the faun, drawn irresistibly by the magic of the song. The little brown rabbit jumped

through the breach in the crumbling wall and hopped softly towards the faun, oblivious of all save the sweetness of the music. The little barn owl sailed gently down, not a beat of his wings breaking in on that wildest of songs. A pretty red fox on his way to a distant farm-yard turned from his path and obeying the mysterious call drew near to the faun. But the little piper played on unheedingly. Vague, lovely memories crowded his mind. All the while the red rose caressed his head, his soft child-like body swayed with the music, and his little shoulders brushed the violets at the foot of his pedestal. Still he played on, while a little circle of animals sat spellbound before him, and the very narcissi leaned towards him.

Then suddenly the flow of music stopped. The spell was broken. With a start, the little mouse discovered that she had been sitting between the fox and the owl, and rushed away in panic. The memory of those luscious cabbages assailed the rabbit, and the fox remembered a certain fat hen of which he knew. The faun leaned back against the wall. He was tired. The red rose brushed his eyes as he lay slowly down, pillowing his head on his arm. A shower of cherry-blossoms fell upon him, and he was asleep.

The pale gold moon sailed on to the horizon. The trailing roses from the wall lay at the faun's head and heart. The cherry-tree bent over the stone basin of the fountain, dropping her petals like tears for lost memories. The marble faun lay pale and cold between the weeping-birch trees.

—Carman Dixon Craig.

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